The Saturday Review of Literature

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The Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart, author of "Bones of Contention." *(See page 7)*

Germany—A Problem in Global Penology

BY JOHN F. WHARTON

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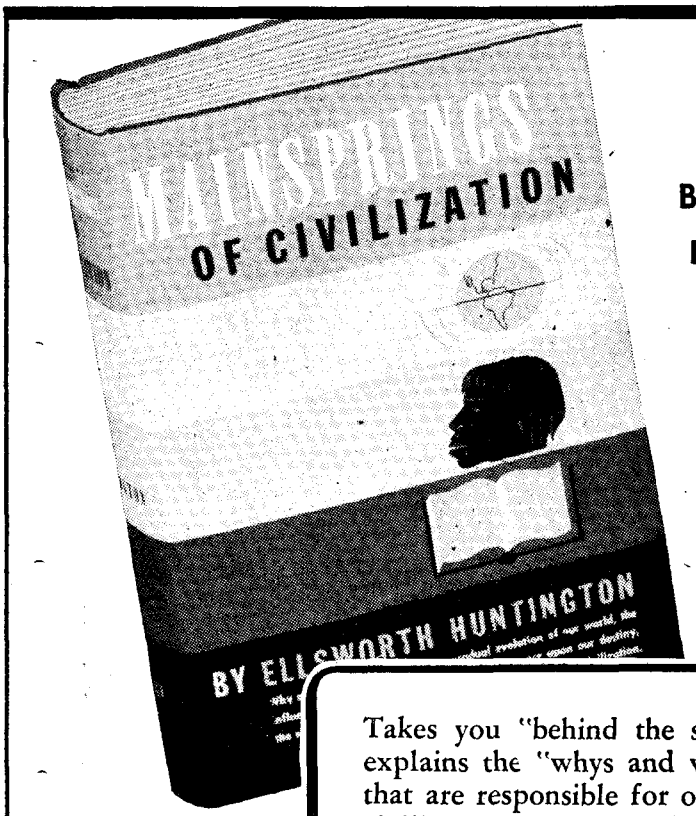

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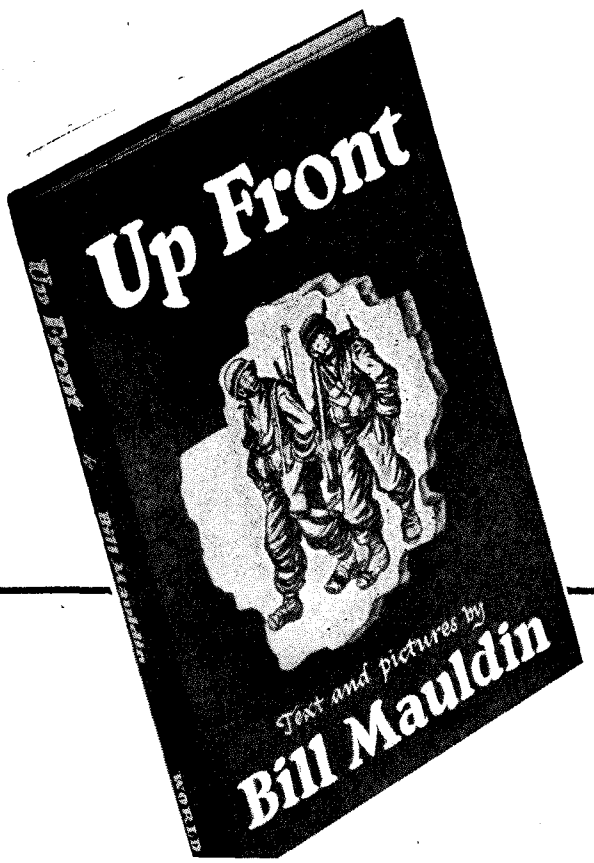

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W. P. CROZIER

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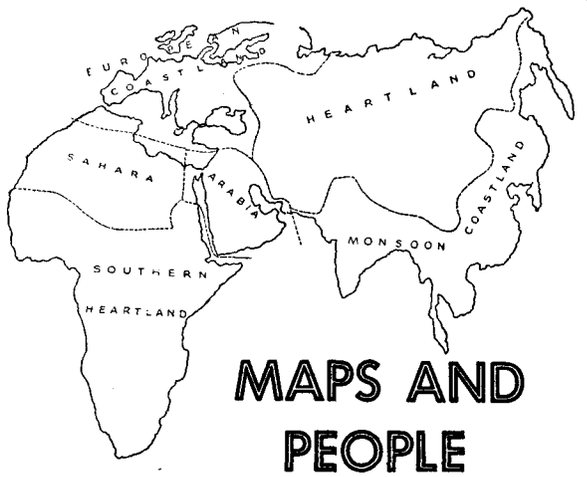

MAPS AND PEOPLE

THE WEEKS and months that follow the end of any war are decisive to the future in a way that no ordinary interval of time is likely to be. The ultimate fruit of any victory is the power and the obligation of the victors to grapple with the problems that brought about the war itself. Immediately after the fighting stops, a kind of semi-chaos exists in which they have a wider freedom of choice, a greater potential of action, and a clearer mandate from mankind than at any other time. It seems to be tragically true that this opportunity is seldom seized upon and employed to its fullest advantage. Those of us who can remember the last weeks of 1918 and the year 1919 can now perceive how much of the evil of the past quarter-century stemmed from wrong decisions and indecisions, attitudes and emotions during that fateful period. We are, it appears, getting another chance. How wisely are we going to use it?

Twenty-six years ago Henry Holt and Company published in America a book that was ignored both in England and the United States by all except a handful of people in the universities of the two countries. It carried, and still carries, the uninviting title of DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY, and was written by an English geographer named Halford J. Mackinder. Just after the last war it sold less than two thousand copies in America, in spite of the fact that its author undertook to examine the world basis for peace and security, to warn his readers that war would surely follow the disregarding of those factors, and that peace could be built only upon reality.

So sensationally right did his predictions appear two decades later that we reissued the book with an introduction by Professor Edward Mead Earle of Princeton and a foreword by Major George Fielding Eliot. In 1942, the year in which we reissued DEMOCRATIC IDEALS, it sold some two thousand copies, a sale which seems to us pitifully small in the light of the major importance of Sir Halford's book. We felt at the time a crusading zeal about the book; we spent three times as much money advertising it as its sale warranted, and we did everything we knew how to do to secure publicity and comment upon it in every quarter.

It alarms us to notice, in looking over our sales records for the first half of this year, that this particular book has sold only eighty copies to the general public since the first of January. A hundred copies have been sold to colleges. Once again, as in 1919, a magnificent and important piece of thinking is being neglected at the very time it is most needed. Not that we expect the book to be read on the same scale as FOREVER AMBER. What disturbs us is that our total sale on the book is probably smaller than the number of commentators, writers, correspondents, and assorted experts who are addressing us today in terms of What It All Means. The sale is also quite a lot smaller than the number of experts who attended the San Francisco Conference . . .

It remains to be seen whether we have learned our geography lesson. In another and equally crucial area of understanding it is obvious that almost all of us are unaware that the very subject exists at all. Back in 1939 we published a book called PEOPLE: *The Quantity and Quality of Population,* by one of the few American experts in this field, Henry Pratt Fairchild. We know of no book that gives the general reader so clear and dramatic an outline of what populations are, how their dynamics affect all our lives and the progress of history, and what are the implications behind the tremendous fact that in less than two centuries the number of human beings in the world has more than doubled.

The dynamics of geography and the dynamics of population lie at the core of today's world problems. No peace we establish today can hope to endure unless a substantial number of men and women in the world are aware of them and act accordingly. And yet, we have sold in six years only 1955 copies of Professor Fairchild's book (966 of them to colleges), although during that period not more than one or two other books dealing with populational problems for the general public were published at all. And for the past six months our sales of PEOPLE have been only seventy-one copies.

Publishers are always interested in selling books, but to a good many of them it matters somewhat just which books on their lists do sell, and which fail. We ourselves believe that when a book of nonfiction written for the general reader in a clear and interesting fashion fails to find a hearing, it is likely to be because people are not interested in the book's subject matter. The conclusion we draw from the recent sales history of DEMOCRATIC IDEALS and PEOPLE is that the American public is not particularly interested in either world geography or the problems of population. That lack of interest is a dangerous thing. The price of peace is the same as the price of safety—eternal vigilance—and the management of the affairs of mankind is going to require the vigilance of thinking people in every part of the world. We hope that the books which can implement that thinking, and which were written and published to provide a firm basis of understanding, are not going to be neglected in these critical months.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Germany—A Problem in Global Penology

JOHN F. WHARTON

WHAT VE HAFF TO DO TO BE A WAR CRIMINAL?
IS THERE ANYTHING YOU'D LIKE TO SAY FOR PUBLICATION
MESS HALL FOR WAR CRIMINALS AWAITING TRIAL
FROM TELEGRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

—*Ding in the* New York Herald Tribune
Pretty Soft—So Far

WHEN a man insists on pointing out that Western civilization is faced with a new, bewildering, and terrifying problem, he is likely to arouse no little contention. The controversy over Lord Vansittart stems, I think, from this cause.* His propositions are simple and clear, but the implications cut so deep that some readers, consciously or subconsciously, do not want to understand him.

Vansittartism can be summed up in the following brief propositions:

(a) All but a negligible percentage of Germans, in the last hundred years, have grown up into men and women with a passionate belief in pan-Germanism. This is due to the sociological climate of Germany, not to inherent evil.

(b) So intense is this belief that they will gladly follow any leader who promises to achieve it for them, whether his philosophy be the Machiavellianism of Bismarck, the old-fashioned imperialism of Kaiser Wilhelm, or the immoral code of Adolf Hitler.

(c) Hence, while the rest of civilization has been struggling painfully toward a goal of "live and let live" and worldwide coöperation, the German people have slid steadily in the other direction.

(d) Therefore, "good Germany" is a myth; the proof is the fact that no opposition worth the name ever developed in Germany to the Nazi return to torture, murder, piracy, and deceit.

Lord Vansittart does not assert that every German child must grow up to be this kind of a human being. He does not advocate the extermination of all Germans. He poses a much more intricate problem. How can the hundreds of millions of people on this globe who want a world of coöperation, peace, and security convert eighty million unrepentant Germans to the same desire? If we don't succeed in that, then, in the long run, we will surely have to fight for our lives and souls again as soon as the new Fuehrer appears.

In the face of the foregoing propositions, the question of how many German anti-Nazis exist is irrelevant. The real question is how many Germans exist who will teach their children to forego pan-Germanism in return for a concept of one world. After examining the ordinary German civilians, the churches, industry, the labor class, and even the refugees, Lord Vansittart is about as successful in finding such Germans as was Lot's attempt to find a good man in Sodom and Gomorrah.

So, he asks, what are you going to do about it?

It is not an easy question to answer, whether or not you believe Lord Vansittart's propositions. Both the vastness and the newness of the problem tend to create confusion in the search for a policy to apply to defeated Germany today. Let us consider a few of the main points.

There is a general belief that "war criminals" should be punished, but some people have difficulty in finding a technical "crime" and means of prosecution. The "soft peace" advocates insist that the German people are innocent of any crime, but they have some trouble in defining "people," particularly in view of the incredible prison camp revelations. The "Carthaginian peace" adherents have a simple, direct solution—the extermination of all Germans—but they cannot explain how American soldiers are to carry out the annihilation of eighty million people. Even on the point of reparations, it is beginning to be clear that the capitalist countries cannot accept them, in cash or kind, without raising an outcry from some of the local producers, farmers, and workers who want the profits and employment arising from the production of equivalent goods.

On one point almost everyone (except the extermination advocate) agrees. The Germans should be reeducated and reconstructed into a peaceful people. But just how this is to be accomplished, or who is to do the reconstructing, is a matter on which no one seems clear.

IT is submitted that this situation provides an excellent field of experiment for global thinking. In essence this means a willingness to construct a policy on the basis of assumptions which may differ from the ones commonly held. Here is an analagous example. If you are laying out a garden or planning alterations to a house, you will find it convenient to use Euclidian geometry, which assumes that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. However, if you are laying out a world air route, you may find Riemann's geometry handier, for that assumes that the shortest distance between two points is a curve.

On the subjects of war and peace, global thinking starts with two assumptions quite different from the assumptions of a nationalist world. The first is the assumption that there is a world society in which the vast majority of people hold the same basic cosmological belief. This belief is based on the cardinal principle of every great religion and philosophy; it was most simply expressed by what Christ called the second great commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The second assumption is that world society is entitled to protect itself against those who hold to a different cosmology. Let us trace the growth of this type of thinking.

Heretofore mankind has always ap-

*BONES OF CONTENTION. By the Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1945. 158 pp. $2.75.

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plied primarily non-global thinking to the problem of war. Three thousand years ago any group of people assumed that they, or a rival group, could not only wage war whenever and wherever they chose, but also that the winners had a perfect right to murder, torture, or enslave the losers. After the rise of nationalism, some limitations were put on the privileges of the victors, but each nation still assumed that one of the sovereign rights of all nations was the right to wage war. This notion began to produce difficulties in the thinking of the Western World as the above-described cosmology became more and more widespread.

To begin with, war of any kind directly contradicted Christ's doctrine of "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But man couldn't help seeing that great groups of people violated that commandment in peacetime. What is more, these groups frequently showed no hesitation in oppressing other groups, sometimes leaving the latter no choice but extermination or warring for independence. And, except for the dyed-in-the-wool pacifists, most people applauded the rebellions of the oppressed. There came to exist almost a tacit distinction between good and bad wars. The American Revolution and Garibaldi's rebellion were good wars; the conquest of Ethiopia was a bad war.

IT might be mentioned in passing that it was always assumed, in the West, that the noble patriots in the "good wars" desired freedom to establish a Christian community. In the minds of some people the only proper objective is a Christian capitalist community. In any event, a revolt of Algerians for the purpose of reëstablishing the Algerian pirate state would not win world-wide commendation.

Another perplexing question arose from the fact that while people sagely quoted the maxim that all's fair in war, they obviously didn't believe it. The first, feeble, unrecognized attempt at global thinking on the subject came as a result, for the great powers tried to lay down certain rules on the conduct of war. So-called international conventions were adopted, prohibiting the poisoning of water, defining the status of civilians and the treatment of prisoners. These were, in essence, an appeal to carry on what was considered an unchristian act in a Christian way. They obviously couldn't be enforced during a war, as the present conflict has so tragically demonstrated. Actually they directly contradicted the prevailing concept of the sovereign nation which could, in the end, be the final judge of its own morality, and people who tried to believe in both concepts at the same time found themselves in hopeless confusion.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal

Meeting in Potsdam

If you start from the two assumptions set out above, the approach to war changes radically. You are immediately thrown into a problem of criminology. This requires a little analysis.

Every society has to make rules governing the conduct of its citizens, and the major problem within any cohesive group is to give each member as much freedom of action as is consistent with the security of the other members of the group. These rules are always developed out of a combination of moral, political, and economic beliefs. The member of society who breaks these rules, under certain conditions, is a criminal.

Under certain conditions. A man who kills another under conditions of self-defense is not deemed a murderer. One who kills with premeditated design is. To meet the half-way case of homicide in the heat of passion, the category of manslaughter was invented. In short, society has always recognized that the motivating forces of an act have a bearing on whether it is criminal or not.

If you accept the assumption of a world society, you can then look at war as an act which *prima facie* violates global morality, but you must also consider the motivating forces behind it. It then becomes clear why wars of liberation from an unbearable oppressor have been considered "good" wars; they are treated as expressions of man's right to obtain a reasonable degree of freedom at any price—much like the right to kill in self-defense. When the motivating force behind a war is simply a desire for economic plunder or for the right to exploit a backward people, we have in global thought a situation analogous to a premeditated murder. It is sometimes difficult to determine just what the motivating forces really were; it is often difficult to tell whether a killer acted in the heat of passion or from premeditated design. In such cases, if the warring nations observe the international conventions in conducting the war, world society may view it much as we view manslaughter—a crime, but with extenuating circumstances.

IN any event, the general principle remains. From that point of view, wars break down into two categories, crimes against world morality—sometimes with extenuating circumstances; and expressions of what Abraham Lincoln called the revolutionary right of a people to change their own government. The assumption that every nation has a sovereign right to wage war is abandoned; world society is forced into an examination of, and decision on, the motivating forces.

To determine the motivating force, and thus assess the guilt, in the case of an individual is difficult enough. To make such a determination in the cases of groups complicates the task still more. The United States has had some experience in trying to deal with organized gangsterism. Even here, however, the technical guilt of every gang is assumed; although often, when the big fish are finally hooked, the small fry are disregarded. In attempting to assess the acts of a nation, however, an entirely new question is encountered. What of the people who avoided personal criminal acts but made no attempt to resist the rise to power of the war-lords?

In modern jurisprudence no criminality attaches to a person who makes no attempt to prevent a crime. You may stand complacently by and watch my enemy murder me in cold blood without incurring any criminal blame. Global thinking may some day come to believe that this principle cannot be accepted where a nation is concerned. Whether or not it does come to this, it certainly can assume today that such people cannot be trusted with the same degree of self-government as the peace-loving peoples. For, whereas the individual's failure to resist cannot have widespread consequences, a nation's passive acceptance of gangster war-lords may, as we have seen, involve the whole world in blood.

With this much background, it is possible to begin clearing up some of the confusion described in the opening paragraphs. The silly question as to what crime the Nazi leaders have committed disappears. They are guilty of unforgivable offenses against world morality, whether these offenses are called by a new name such as "world

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treason" or an old one such as "unjustifiable homicide." Moreover, the evidence is neither confusing nor insufficient. When men publicly announce defiance of the accepted morality, arrogate to themselves the right to kill, torture, and enslave, and then institute a program of killing, torture, and enslavement, it is hard to see what other evidence of criminality could be required.

THE same thing is true of their active followers, who welcomed the opportunity to give free play to man's worst emotions and instincts. The average German civilian and some of the common soldiers present a somewhat different problem. Some of them were doubtless active participants in the crimes, either directly or as accessories before, during, and after the fact. Some percentage, large or small, simply stood by disapprovingly and made no affirmative attempt to stem the tide. The position of this group may be best discussed in connection with the problem of punishment.

For as soon as you accept the crime theory of war, you are driven into a consideration of punishment. Incidentally, at one stroke you dispose of the "soft peace" theory. This theory is based on the belief that since war is a sovereign right, the people of a nation cannot be held accountable for having exercised it; at the conclusion of a war, victors and vanquished should shake hands, admit they both did some frightful things, and forgive and forget. The advocates of "soft peace" point to our Civil War and the Boer War as illustrations to prove this point. The vice in this reasoning lies in the assumption that because nations have fought some wars where the best conclusion was an attempt to forgive and forget, all wars must have the same conclusion. It is like saying that the line of treatment applied to a ten-year-old who steals a stick of candy is the proper treatment for the kidnapper who has murdered your child.

In essence, therefore, the problem of post-war Germany is, in global thinking, a problem of penology. That is why it is so bewildering, for no society has worked out a satisfactory system of penology for its own citizens, and the idea of working out a system to apply to eighty million people is a frightening challenge. However, certain principles emerge as the problem is analyzed.

The objectives of punishment are four in number. One, to protect society from further depredations by the criminal. Two, to deter others from similar depredations by fear. Three, sadly neglected, the reconstruction of certain criminals into useful members of society. Four, where possible, restitution to the injured individual.

In working out methods to try to accomplish these objectives, an eye must be kept on the effect on the punishers. A career as a hangman or a prison guard can have its own brutalizing effect. That is the catch in the Carthaginian peace proposals. No nation wants its own soldiers to carry out the mass butchery.

When apprehension is usually swift and certain, and is followed by a fair but efficient trial, the first objective comes somewhere near attainment, at least in the case of crimes for which society prescribes a death penalty. Such conditions also tend to promote accomplishment of the second objective—to act as a deterrent to others. But in lesser crimes, where the method of imprisonment for fixed, or even indeterminate, terms is used, the results have proved of dubious value in all cases. While a man is incarcerated, society is safe from him; but it is only too apparent that the system of locking up groups of offenders together tends to perpetuate a professional criminal class. Furthermore, it has made reconstruction of the individual even more difficult, for a prison can afford little opportunity to develop either a non-criminal cosmology or proof to society that the reconstructed individual will act in keeping with his new cosmology. Oddly enough, that problem may be simpler when put on a larger scale, provided certain other factors are present.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Big Three and Number One

The United Nations armies have captured or destroyed all German military equipment and can take prisoner almost any German (other than those escaping by suicide). If the considerations outlined above were accepted, the first problem would be to decide what individuals were so dangerous that world society, for its own protection, must put them to death. United Nations courts could be established, in any number, where such individuals could be tried. The major problem would be one of number; there are doubtless millions of Nazis who could be accused. The sanest procedure would, however, be to begin at the top and work down, and the process would probably go on until it wore itself out. The issue in each case would be the same. Does the evidence show that the defendant renounced the accepted world morality and acted on that assumption? If he did, society must, for its protection, remove him from the scene.

In the meantime, there will be left millions of Germans about whom we must ask three questions. What restitution, or reparations, shall be required from them? How can world society be protected against future aggressions by them and their children? How can they be reconstructed into a coöperative element in world affairs?

Reparations involve so many economic problems that discussion of the subject would be out of place here. Over thirty years ago, Sir Norman Angell began pointing out the difficulties which arise when a capitalist country tries to accept reparations, in cash or in kind, and nothing which has happened in the interim has upset his propositions. His books are still available for all who care to learn.

IN so far as protection is concerned, you cannot, of course, put eighty million people in a penitentiary. However, you can, as many people have shown, occupy the geographical space in which they live and make certain that the tools of war are not available to them. You could, if it were thought wise, prevent any large scale emigration of Germans to countries which would permit them to learn the art of war. In short, as long as you are willing to stay there, you can make sure that any German government cannot build a war-machine, because that particular function will be denied all German governments.

This means an army of occupation; there is no blinking it. And the outcry will be raised that American boys should not be condemned to giving years of their life to policing Germany. But we do not blink the fact that our own system of crime and punishment requires policemen, wardens, and prison guards, and, in one way or another, we contrive to get people to perform these tasks. We might as well face the fact that we shall have to find a way to get them for foreign service. This does not mean drafting all eighteen-year-olds; we don't draft our present police forces. We make it an honor-

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able career which is well enough paid to attract certain people to it.

However, we may assume that the army of occupation will wish to end its stay as quickly as possible. The Germans will also wish to get rid of it. for, as long as it is there, they will feel, quite rightly, that they lack the right of self-government. How is the United States to decide on the proper time for withdrawal? This involves the question of reconstruction.

What the world wants to see in Germany is, as Lord Vansittart patiently but firmly points out, a people who have gone back to a cosmology which accords with the world cosmology assumed above; who not only believe in it, but act on it, and who believe in it so strongly that they will affirmatively resist any group within their midst who tries to seize power on an opposite basis. We don't need to argue whether the failure to resist evil is criminal; we are justified in saying that a people who will not do so cannot be trusted with tanks, planes, and rocket bombs, nor with any professional military class. When the world is satisfied that they have gone back to such a cosmology, there will be no need for further occupation.

This does not mean that we are trying to assume a role of divine judgment. The whole proposition can be put on a purely pragmatic basis. History has demonstrated over and over that when people subscribe to the ideal of the golden rule, there is at least a chance, despite all the backsliding, they will behave like civilized beings.

Lastly, the reconstruction, as above defined, must come primarily from the Germans themselves. The occupiers might help in making the necessary factors available. Doubtless, authentic histories of the war should be made available in every form; a program of actual witnessing of places of horror may be helpful. When and as a new cosmology begins to show itself, opportunity should be given for its expression. In the meantime, the trappings of the present cosmology, the marching, the self-glorification, the worship of war, might be discouraged. But you cannot impose a cosmology on people and have much hope that it will stick. You can, however, give a people the right of partial self-government, which affords a reasonable opportunity to exhibit, by the way in which they exercise their limited powers, compelling evidence as to what their cosmology is, and to insist that the right to full self-government shall depend upon the faith and works which they exhibit.

John F. Wharton, lawyer and student of public affairs, is the author of the recently published "The Theory and Practice of Earning a Living."

Let My People Grow

RIOTS AND RUINS. By A. Clayton Powell, Sr. New York: Richard R. Smith. 1945. 171 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

HERE is a father of his people speaking to his people. Here is no cool, impersonal treatise. Here is Moses leading his people out of bondage—admonishing them, encouraging them, hurling his anger at the wayward ones for their abominations, hurling his bitterness at the pursuing hosts.

The Reverend A. Clayton Powell, Sr., Pastor Emeritus of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem, New York, is a distinguished figure among the Negroes of the nation. Well on toward his eighties, his life has spanned the years of the rise of the Negro out of slavery to such measure of partial freedom as he now possesses.

In the long years of his fighting ministry he has learned the good and the bad of his own people; and he is as quick to rebuke and admonish the evil ones among his own race as he is to praise and encourage the good. In these same years, he has learned the good and the bad of the white people; and he is as quick to make generous acknowledgment of the good as he is to be hot with anger at the bad. Here, in short, is wise appraisal of a total society by a man who has sorrowed for his people and fought for them; who has suffered personal humiliation and found personal triumph; who has learned to know friend from foe; who has kept his humor but also his fury at injustice.

This book, however, is not simply a study of the race problem. It is a study that uses the race problem to highlight the conflict in our society between decency and hoodlumism. There are Negro hoodlums: this preacher is bitter with anger at the shame they bring to the decent ones of his race. But there are also white hoodlums: and he minces no words at the moral insensitivity of those white barbarians who humiliate and degrade his people.

A. Clayton Powell: "I know some Negroes who will steal a wheelbarrow . . . and some white men who will steal a railroad."

Perhaps at no time in history has hoodlumism revealed itself so clearly as the ugly thing it is. Nazism raised hoodlumism into national policy. Hoodlumism is inconsiderateness turned into gloating practice. It is psychological and moral unawareness gone ruthless. It is the will to hurt. It is the human creature freed of the civilized controls of kindness and respect, riding roughshod over helpless life.

There may be those who sincerely, though mistakenly, believe the Negro to be so inferior to the white that he must be carefully segregated. But when such belief takes the form of deliberate insult, the face of the hoodlum appears. The bitter shame of the race situation in America is that it exhibits Americans hating and humiliating their fellow men.

This book has all logic on its side. "I know some Negroes that will steal a wheelbarrow and I also know some white men who will steal a railroad stretching from New York to Boston . . . The white man stole the forest lands of America from the Indians and then stole the Negroes from Africa and brought them here to clean up these forests. Now he talks about Negroes having no respect for life or property."

"We measure a race," he reminds us, "by the best, not the worst. The Americans are measured by George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and the Roosevelts, not by Al Capone and John Dillinger . . . Then, in the name of God and good logic, why not judge the Negro race by Booker T. Washington, George Washington Carver, and W. E. B. DuBois instead of by the submerged tenth that gives us the hoodlums, the muggers, and the murderers?"

The book has all logic on its side; but the tragic thing is that ignorance and hate know no logic. It is ignorance and hate that, in spite of the best reason we can marshall against them, create the hoodlumism in our midst.

Two features of this book should be of especial interest to those who care about removing the shame of racial inhumanity. The first is the penetrating analysis of the Harlem riot. The author, contrary to Mayor LaGuardia and the newspapers, shows the riot, in its inception, to have been a true

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race riot, born out of suppressed fury at long mistreatment and particularly at the indignities visited upon Negroes in the services. It was only later, the author shows, that it degenerated into an orgy of looting by the "submerged tenth." The author's description of the pent-up hatred of the Negroes for the whites should be read by every American who is anxious about the future of his country.

The second important feature is the hopeful account of movements that show, among decent people, an increase of awareness of the urgent nature of the race problem. Outstanding among these hopeful movements has been the uniting of the Methodist Episcopal Church—North and South. "The Methodist Episcopal Church South split from the parent body over the question of slavery in 1845. The Negro question held them apart until 1939 when the Methodists North and South were again united. The first General Conference of the merged bodies . . . was held in 1940 at Atlantic City. The Conference was interracial.

"Seven hundred and sixty-two delegates met in their second General Conference at Kansas City on May 5, 1944 and plunged directly into a realistic discussion of racial discrimination and segregation in the church. Before adjourning they had voted that Negroes should have equality in housing, transportation, and educational facilities. The delegates north and south, except a few diehards, also voted to appoint a committee looking toward the complete elimination of all racial discrimination at the next General Conference in 1948."

By contrast, the author recounts the disappointing history of Congress in relation to the Negro.

> Nationally (the Negro) is poorer politically today than he was fifty years ago. At that time . . . there were twenty-three Negro members of the United States Congress. These men were not ignorant, either, as some of the slanderers of the race have tried to make the public believe. They were graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Oberlin. A few of them had studied in European universities . . . Not only have these great Negro national characters and their positions gone with the wind *but not a single bit of legislation to help the Negro in his fight for human rights has been enacted by Congress for fifty years* . . . Congress is a political drag . . . and is absolutely dedicated to the proposition—keep the Negro down.

There is passion in this book. It is a document which shows that the Negro is no longer content to take it lying down. Yet it is not merely a book of anger. It is full of wise and anxious counsel to the Negro people, as they make their slow but determined way out of bondage into democratic freedom.

Out of the Streets of China

RICKSHAW BOY. By Lau Shaw. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1945. 315 *pp.* $2.75

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THE examples of native Chinese literature that the American people have had an opportunity to read and judge in book form have been few enough. Four volumes of modern Chinese short stories are available in English, Edgar Snow's collection "Living China," Kyn Yn Yu's "The Tragedy of Ah Qui," Lusin's "Ah Q and Others," and recently Chi Chen Wang's "Contemporary Chinese

Stories." A novel of the guerrilla warfare in North China appeared in 1942, "Village in August," which had something more than a *succès d'estime.* It was perhaps the first full-fledged novel by one of the group of vigorous and self-sacrificing writers who have been describing their country's martyrdom and age-old poverty. So little contact did we have at that time with China's modern literature that neither Edgar Snow, who prefaced the novel and who had known Tien Chün in China, or its translator, who had sent the manuscript in English back to this country, knew where the author was or could discover that he was alive until over a year after the book appeared.

Evan King, who had translated the book for the love of it rather than for any real hope of publication, arrived in New York to unexpectedly find it in print. He brought with him another folk novel, "Camel Happy Boy," by Lau Shaw, now translated by him and published as "Rickshaw Boy." "Village in August" was somewhat episodic, a war novel. "Rickshaw Boy" is a long, coherent narrative and is thus perhaps the first full-length work of literature by which we can estimate the strength and vitality of the new Chinese folk literature. Its publication, therefore, is something of an event, and its reception by the public a foretaste of what is to come.

We have not had to suffer, during these years, for lack of fiction about China. Pearl Buck has supplied whatever need there was for it, until it seemed that she had a stranglehold on the interpretation to America of a nation of about four hundred million people. But "Rickshaw Boy" is indeed another kind of story and one that breaks the pattern of our thoughts about this mysterious land. Here the war does not enter, or any white man or woman set his mark on any of its characters. It is *sui generis,* out of the soil and the streets of Peking. Like Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil" it is timeless, though the taxicabs of the modern city brush by Happy Boy's rickshaw on their way to the city's gates.

When you have entered it you feel that it could have been written only by an honest man and a poor one, a man devoted to literature and to the humblest of his people. Happy Boy was a stalwart, tall countryman who had come to the city at eighteen when his parents died and he had lost the small bit of earth that had belonged to them. The only thing he had to sell to fill his stomach was himself, the broad chest, the strength of his limbs, that could pull like a carthorse. Not used to speech like the city-bred he could only think of what he saw and of his own fate. But his mind had been furnished by man or by instinct with the precepts of the ancient philosophers, so that he was naturally pure and good and honorable.

The novel is a grim account of the misfortunes that happened to Happy Boy until he was reduced to the lowest level of misery that a still vital and healthy man can reach. By agonies of effort, running for miles like a stalwart horse between the shafts of a hired rickshaw, he managed in time to buy one of his own. It was stolen by soldier-bandits and he was dragged into the country with them. He came back leading with him three masterless camels which he sold for thirty-five Chinese dollars. Thenceforth he struggled for enough money to buy a new rickshaw as early Christians yearn for the gates of paradise.

The Human Harmony Rickshaw shed where he rented his daily vehicle was owned by an old curmudgeon who had a daughter who was both evil and ugly. He fled from her grasp to enter a private family, but all his savings were taken away from him by

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the police when his master turned out to be a revolutionist who managed to escape with his life to Shanghai.

And so Tiger Girl got him back and married him by pretending to be pregnant. Cast out by her father, who had been made to lose face before his friends in his quarrel with his daughter, the miserable couple went to share a courtyard with a dozen other families who were as poor as the poor can be in a Chinese city. There were other rickshaw pullers, coming to the end of their days, a drunken father who had sold his daughter, killed his wife, and starved his children, and other examples of human degradation and misery as black as Dostoievsky ever painted. Tiger Girl in her excessive embraces nearly drained the life from Happy Boy; but in the end he survived and, after his wife's death, dragged from a house of prostitution, diseased and starving, a girl from his courtyard he had come to love. Though it may not sound so, from this account compared to the rest of his tragedies, it is actually a happy and a triumphant ending.

The average reader does not like, perhaps, to plunge into human frustration and degradation at such length, but I think that this will be a difficult book for anyone to put down immediately or to leave unfinished. Its rich glowing scenes, drawn by the hand of a master, are unforgettable, scenes in small inns and teashops where the rickshaw men and itinerant merchants rest to drink tea and bad wine and rolls of meat; scenes in courtyards of houses where the swinging lantern shines on the white snow; the beauty of Peking's towering, massive gates, its wide spaces and marble bridges; the glowing red walls of the Forbidden City. But it is the secret history of a city, an inner city unknown and unknowable by the West until it is thus revealed, that is the book's real fascination. The reviewer has himself been driven in Peking by a rickshaw man, an old man, and has listened with compassion and revulsion to his labored breath and watched his strained back and gnarled legs. It was useless to imagine what his whole life was, how tortured by hunger was his family, how he lived and what he thought of the day to come when he would fall forward on his face between the worn shafts and rise no more. It was impossible to imagine what kind of people lived in those rabbit warrens of slum streets that were the entrails of the Imperial City. With this book we know a little more about the Chinese than we did before because Lau Shaw has made us understand their hearts, the comradeship of their multitudinous poor, and the injustice that rules their living and dying.

"Rickshaw Boy," any way you look at it, is a masterpiece of its kind, and the major character, the silent, unconquerable, honorable victim of persecution and greed, is a symbol of the virtue that we all believe lives in the common man. Its author, Lau Shaw, is as poor as we had imagined him, but he is recognized in his own country for his true merits. He has suffered from illness from lack of food and hard work, and from anemia. He has written a score of books, though there seems to be no profit in this in China, except a reward in heaven. He has refused all offers of financial aid for fear of risking his integrity and he has said in a public meeting in Chungking where other writers met to honor him, "I pledge that while I live I won't desert my pen and its honesty."

Surely, the publication of "Rickshaw Boy" in this country will bring him a long-delayed and deserved reward. There remains to say that the translation, sufficiently colloquial to give us the color of pungent Chinese phrases, is simple and pleasant to read.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

AROUND THE CLOCK

Helen A. Monsell, of Richmond, Virginia, offers twenty quotations from poetry and prose which mention the time of day. Allowing 5 points for each one you can identify, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 37.

1. It was one by the village clock
   When he galloped into Lexington.
2. One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.
3. Come, stir, stir, stir! The second cock hath crow'd.
   The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.
4. It was but half-past four the next morning when Dinah, tired of lying awake listening to the birds and watching the growing light through the little window in the garret roof, rose and began to dress herself very quietly, lest she should disturb Lisbeth.
5. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
   And his burning plumes outspread,
   Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
   When the morning star shines dead.
6. "If you please, Sir Pitt, Sir Pitt died this morning, Sir Pitt. I was a-making of his toast, Sir Pitt, for his gruel, which he took every morning regular at six, Sir Pitt."
7. Morning's at seven; the hillside's dew pearled.
8. "What is't o'clock?" "Caesar, 'tis strucken eight."
9. At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,
   Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
10. And every morning passed that was that cream of gentlemen,
    She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten.
11. At about eleven o'clock, however, a few specks of small rain upon the windows caught Catherine's watchful eye. . . . "I thought how it would be," said Mrs. Allen. . . . "There will be very few people in the Pump Room, if it rains all morning."
12. Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
    And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake.
13. The clock struck one. The mouse ran down.
14. "That, Father! will I gladly do: 'tis scarcely afternoon—
    The minster-clock has just struck two, and yonder is the moon!"
15. He had been apprised that the final was three, and he knew he would be summoned sometime earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets.
16. All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
    As the hands kept creeping, creeping. They were creeping round to four.
17. It frequently breakfasts at five-o'clock tea,
    And dines on the following day.
18. "The Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!' . . .
    And ever since that . . . he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."
19. From dim twilight to 'leven at night she shall not quit thy side!
20. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
    And the owls have awakened the crowing cock.

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Empress of All the Russians

MARTA OF MUSCOVY: The Fabulous Life of Russia's First Empress. By Phil Stong. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 262 *pp. Index.* $2.50

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

LET us keep our fingers crossed lest Mr. Stong's teen-aged following take "Marta of Muscovy" for another "No Sitch! The Hound" or "Honk, the Moose." For this roistering, gory, and sometimes leering book is no juvenile. The more ribald undertones of history frequently drown out Mr. Stong's biographical continuity. Even the adult reader will need a hale stomach and robust sensibilities to get him through the less genteel details of love and death in the Europe of Marta's time.

It may well be, of course, that Mr. Stong set out to write in the spirit of that time. In that case he has keyed his racy approach successfully. Even in contemporary England, "civilized" by Muscovite standards, Congreve's audiences were taking their humor neat and Pepys was dipping a blunt quill into life that was high and spiced.

In seventeenth-eighteenth century Russia there was little reticence or reverence for the facts of life. The day of Marta's state wedding her imperial bridegroom remarked: "I think this will be a fruitful wedding; see, we have been married only three hours and we already have five children." His hearty subjects, accustomed to seeing vital statistics clearly and whole, hailed the occasion as "the celebration of the Czar's Old Wedding." It meant extra high jinks for them, a super-Saturnalia in which "any man caught sober after nine o'clock was suspected of treason."

Marta was the Latvian peasant girl who became the wife of Peter the Great and as Catherine I succeeded to the imperial throne. "Marta of Muscovy" is Peter's story even more than that of his mistress and consort. For granting Marta's many natural gifts and her physical and moral influence over the genius barbarian who founded the Russian empire, it was Peter and not Marta who founded it. It is the Czar and not the Czarina who supplies the high-octane content of Mr. Stong's biography. Without Peter, Marta could have aspired to no higher elevation than the household of Prince Menshikov. For a blond hostage of fortune "born in the adjunct of a cattle barn," that was not bad, for the Prince was Peter's most important minister. But without Peter, Menshikov the peddler libertine would probably not have become a minister and Marta would have had no chance to develop into one of history's more interesting women.

And that is just what Mr. Stong makes her out to be. It is enough certainly to make her a lively subject for biography. But as for her being "the greatest empress of her time or any time," the present volume falls short of proving it—at least to one unchivalrous reader. The biographer is vociferously pro-Marta and he has Peter to back him up. "I have found myself possessed," runs the Petrine testimony, "not only of an Empress in name, but of one in reality for magnaminity and good understanding, and of an angel in human form, for beauty and all manner of virtue." The colossal empire-builder was deeply—and understandably—in love with his peasant empress. Nevertheless, even he and Mr. Stong together make out an indifferent case for her powers of leadership.

The Empress of all the Russians could drink and fight with the best of them. Rather short and thickset, she could carry her six-foot-four titan of a husband in her arms. But she had attainments of a gentler order too. Although she could neither read nor write her own name—to say nothing of her spate of titles—she spoke six languages. Both in her European travels and in her dealings with foreign statesmen her poise and amiability helped raise the new empire's prestige. As for the princesses of the blood who spoke cattily of her, Mr. Stong has the theory that "the margravine's nose was out of joint."

Most important of all, Marta alone knew how to manage Peter. She even knew when and how to henpeck the half-savage Olympian. She matched his torrential passion, gave intelligent counsel, tempered his brutality. This latter made her all the more remarkable in an age of cruelty. She even pleaded for mercy toward Peter's first wife and toward his picaresque pre-Marta mistress. And neither lady was noted for friendliness toward her good-natured Latvian rival.

"Marta of Muscovy" is subtitled "The Fabulous Life of Russia's First Empress." Fabulous certainly characterizes the pot-pourri of dreams, barbarities, intrigues, wars, and personalities that went into the making of Peter's new empire. Especially memorable are the victory at Poltava, the building of St. Petersburg, and the organization of the imperial army and navy. Again, it is Peter's story more than Marta's.

Phil Stong has found Catherine I "a lively subject for biography."

Figure in Landscape

HUNG AMONG PORTRAITS IN A PORTRAIT SHOW

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

HERE consciousness at last is lulled to slumber
Amid the massive cumuli of summer
Where paint has caught the stillness as you lay
Composed with Nature, dreaming in the day,
A subject without name or watching face,
A portrait of the dreaming human race,
Man in the world against the earth and sky
In this one room where he can always lie.

There was no other setting to prefer,
The figure and its background so concur,
Your body's contour, gently curved and bowed,
Concomitant with landscape and with cloud;
Hollow and hill for pillow and for bed
And firmament a halo for the head.

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It Seemed Like Civilization

THE PROFANE VIRTUES: FOUR STUDIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Peter Quennell. New York: The Viking Press. 1945. 220 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

NOW that eighteenth-century studies have passed out from under the enormous penumbra of Victorian moralism, the Age of Reason exercises an almost irresistible fascination for the Age of Unreason. The eighteenth-century world, or at least the eighteenth-century Western world, certainly so much of the Western world as really counted, was then snug, certain, and secure. There were wars, but wars, like duelling, were the peculiar property of a few, and did not prevent an easy interchange, with or without passports, between gentlemen in London and gentlemen in France. There were appeals to national pride and patriotism, but national pride and patriotism required of cultivated patriots an affable acquaintance with Roman ruins, Venetian courtesans, Parisian salons, and the writings of Hume and of Voltaire. There were even riots, but the tumults were no greater than might attend a popular hanging or the distribution of royal alms. In sum, the cultivated world possessed those two most desirable of civilized characteristics, unity and variety; the unity was the unity of neo-classical culture, the variety was the cosmopolitan variety of what was then modern times.

Whether the Middle Ages were ages of faith may be doubted, but certainly they were ages when the heavens were closer to earth and hell nearer than at any subsequent period. The Renaissance had attempted to keep its footing in both worlds, and by translating eternity and time into the Platonic image of the cace and the shadow, it almost succeeded—with disastrous results for American education. But the eighteenth century gave up alike the concept of the seven deadly sins and of the cardinal virtues; as the epitaph of the French marquise ran, to make certain of heaven, it set up its little paradise in this world. In "The Profane Virtues" Mr. Quennell has given us a sterling volume interpretating this little paradise.

He takes his title from Edward Gibbon, who said he practised "the profane virtues of sincerity and moderation." Mr. Quennell's portraitures are four—Boswell, Gibbon, Sterne, and Wilkes, men better remembered for their pleasant vices than for their moderation and sincerity. I am therefore not entirely clear that the authors of the Boswell papers, the learned obscenity of Gibbon's footnotes, "Tristram Shandy," and "The Essay on Women" are virtuous even in the secular sense. Profane they certainly were. But the sincerity of Sterne and Boswell is one thing, the sincerity of Wilkes and Gibbon quite another, and perhaps the only one of the four who clearly exemplifies the virtue of moderation is that historian who sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son. Moderation in this instance was more laughable than laudable, and if the profane virtue of moderation produced nothing more than this singular instance of enlightened selfishness, Mr. Quennell's title would be indefensible.

Mr. Quennell is, however, one of the most judicious writers of our time, just as his four essays, solid yet sparkling, erudite yet cultivated, are admirable examples of the biographical essay we inherit from Sir Leslie Stephen. The moderation and sincerity represented by these four piquant, highly individual, and somewhat scandalous personalities are therefore not qualities of private morality but qualities inherent in the work they did.

The publication of the Malahide papers made Boswell almost as complex a personality as Boswell made Johnson, but it is significant that Mr. Quennell's rich and patient essay reaches a conclusion not very different from Carlyle's judgment on Boswell; after Johnson's death, "however lively his friendships or however tumultuous his enthusiasms, there was always a residue of romantic enthusiasm, human affection, intellectual veneration, for which he could not find employment." And this intellectual veneration of Boswell's, the ground note of his great biography, insures us his moderation and sincerity. So, too, Sterne, struggling with his ambivalent temperament, has yet the sincerity of the artist, a sincerity he shares with Gibbon, and so Wilkes, after all his excesses, turns out to be a moderate.

Mr. Quennell's book is full of happily phrased observations. His style lacks the shine and brilliance of Philip Guedalla, but he is the sounder historian. I cite for the sheer pleasure of good writing two passages. The first is from his discussion of Gibbon:

> . . . though the surface of Gibbon's style is smooth, it is never dully uniform. It recalls one of those broad impetuous rivers, Rhine or Rhone or Garonne, whose massive glassy swells are continually erupting into small whirlpools, breaking into angry cross-currents that foam and vanish again. Every chapter has its incidents, its indignant or comic asides; but the main stream rolls evenly and swiftly forward, from the opening paragraph, whence Gibbon looks out across the vast ordered expanse of Roman Europe during the second century—an empire comprehending "the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind," its frontiers "guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valor," its provinces united by the "gentle, but powerful influence of laws and manners"—to the sack of Constantinople and a last vision of Rome as it emerged, despoiled and almost unrecognizable, from the twilight of the Middle Ages.

The second concerns the possibility of a meeting between Boswell and Stern:

> The immense spectacle of London filled his imagination, its wealth, its noise, its gaiety, its incessantly passing crowds, and, behind them always, the idea of some unknown good waiting to be discovered. He had made the most of his chances of meeting "the great, the gay, and the ingenious"; and there is a possibility that among his other frequentations, he may at this time have obtained entrance to the lodgings of Laurence Sterne, then in London enjoying the advantages of a famous and successful novelist, "five-deep" in dinner parties and importuned by callers. It is stimulating, at all events, to picture their conjunction—Boswell, youthfully corpulent, sanguine, and self-assured; Sterne, against the elegant background of his Pall Mall rooms, with his white face, sunken glittering eyes and wasted and shrunken frame, his fund of sentimental quirks and sepulchral improprieties.

To be able to write English prose of this sort one must have inherited those profane virtues of moderation and sincerity Mr. Quennell finds in men who joined in the pleasures of the senses the pleasures of the intellect.

"The Profane Virtues" is not for the run-of-the-mine reader. It assumes a considerable knowledge of eighteenth-century history and it demands constant attention during the perusal. Its whole excuse for being is that there is a world in historical time. It is a distinguished and steadying contribution to the stability of European culture.

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Time of Tragedy and Ecstasy

THE HAPPY TIME. By Robert Fontaine. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Simon & Schuster. A Venture Press Book. 1945. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

EVERY now and then during the summer time the south wind gives way to the west wind, the mocking bird waits his song until breakfast, and the rain doesn't come in the windows. That is a beautiful day, though it may be far from perfect. Every now and then, too, a book comes along which is warm as the sunshine, true as the nightingale's pitch, and running over with humor and humanity like a fresh plum in a hungry mouth. That is a beautiful book, however removed it may be from literature. If you are looking for such an item it exists in "The Happy Time," by Robert Fontaine. It is the first volume of Simon and Schuster's Venture Press, which will devote itself to the publication of "first" books which display unusual promise.

There is no doubt about either the promise or the unusualness of this partial autobiography. It is the story of a boyhood spent in Ottawa, Canada, by the son of a French father and a Scotch-Presbyterian mother. The father was a musician, a wit, and, like many of his race, a disciple of reason. The mother was a realist, a disciplinarian, and, in direct opposition to these traits, a woman. The boy was also equipped with a set of uncles (three), a grandfather, and a luscious cousin named Yvonne. The uncles and the grandfather were eccentrics.

Uncle Louis was enamored of the drama of dying, and passed his entire maturity playing its various roles. He remained in bed with a water cooler of white wine at his side, and once was visited by an angel who brought him a bunch of violets and asked him if he were ready to go to paradise. He asked for a little more time. Uncle Desmonde, who collected women's garters, also prepared for death, but in a different way. He laid out the menu for a perfect meal, being dubious only about the choice of wines. He requested for companions six of the most beautiful girls in Canada, to be dressed in picture hats, long black gloves, and long black stockings, and nothing else. That was to be his last meal on earth. "Is this a good thing or an evil thing?" Papa asked Father Sebastian. "It all depends," said Father Sebastian, "on the choice of wines."

Uncle Felix was less spectacular; he merely collected scientific facts which had no bearing on any subject being discussed. Grandfather was himself a scientist; after long years of study he had decided that a woman is perfect in mind, body, and spirit only during five years of her life, from fifty to fifty-five. Finding that women of that age were almost invariably neglected, he devoted himself to remedying the deplorable situation. He also aided the boy, teaching him how to pray correctly and employing him as a confederate in one of his most difficult affairs of the heart.

Boyhood for any lad with imagination is a time of tragedy and ecstasy; life is a gigantic reality and can only be approached by extremes—such extremes as are recorded in fairy tales and myths. Only gradually does the boy perceive that those who have survived his age and gone beyond it are engaged, not in approaching the reality, but in circling warily about it, being careful never to fall into the grip of its centripetal force. Problems brought up within the family, however simple and direct may be their core, are approached by the elders with the intricate and futile motions of a man fighting his own shadow. That this must be so is incomprehensible to the boy, who is not yet aware of the larger force which will govern his life, the collective ego of the community, the nation, and the planet.

The French have a way of meeting this great frustration with manners and gentleness. The boy in Ottawa, schooled by his father and his uncles, received only those blows which it is impossible to avoid. His school teachers, being British, did not understand why he read *La Vie Parisienne* in class. Mignonette, who had embraced and kissed him, did not understand why all of her nightgowns were stolen one by one. Even his mother did not comprehend why each day he patiently submitted to a strapping by the school principal rather than admit that he had written a certain note to a certain girl. But his mother understood when, being ill with rheumatism, she sent him to the department store for a nightgown and he returned with a flimsy creation of black, covered with lace and bows. She and papa also understood when he stole papa's dress suit to wear to his first prom, that he might properly dance with his teacher and tell her of his love for her. And they understood when he stole green apples for Sally's sake and was arrested.

Robert Fontaine's "The Happy Time" is "warm, true, and running over with humor and humanity."

"Should something be done about the hard, bitter, green apples?" asked mama. "You might make a pie of them," said papa. "It should be, one imagines, a very fine pie, for these apples were, for a time, you understand, magic apples, sweet and ripe—and they were picked for love."

The whole book, you understand, is a magic apple, sweet and ripe and picked for love. There are so few like it that it would be nonsense to pass it up. It will make you laugh a lot and cry a little and be happy all the time you are reading it, and for quite a while thereafter.

Morning View of Tall Buildings

By Norma Lay

SIRED now by darkness into fond creation,
in these dim moments the uptown buildings huddle;
mist-blue morning eddies from their shoulders.

Whatever arrogance sun will project on them
the primal art of early mist absolves.
Blue-stroked with shadow, even the unrecessive

slope to sky. Deep outline notches blurred
speak armor tranquil. Here dream Stegosaurus,
Triceratops, above their sleeping masters.

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The Story of Eddie and Lena

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 130 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

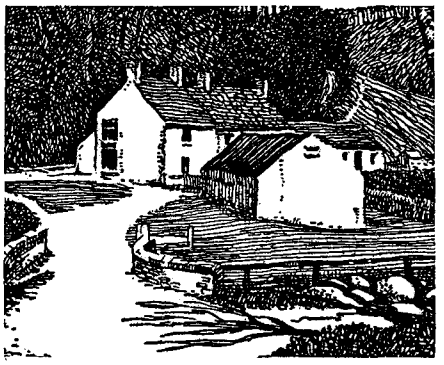
IN this short novel Mr. Williams returns to the everyday life which formed the subject of his "Thrifty Stock" published in 1923. Instead of the silken splendor of the upper middle classes he gives us the homespun of the poor, and instead of the exotic backgrounds of his historical romances or the psychological subtleties of his more complex characters he offers us the Middle-Western farms, villages, and humbler folk of our own time.

More particularly his story concerns Eddie, a likable young fellow, none too bright though with plenty of good intentions, and Lena, a pretty, intelligent girl who loves him not wisely but too well. Abandoning her ambitious plans for a career, Lena is forced to marry precipitously so that their baby may be born in wedlock. Still, they care deeply for each other; an opportune legacy enables them to set up housekeeping on a pleasant farm, and their future happiness seems promisingly established. However, grandfather's fortune soon evaporates. Eddie has a theory that "money is no good till you spend it," and to every criticism of how he spends it or how in general he conducts himself he invariably replies, "It's a free country, isn't it?"

He neglects the orchard, his cows become infected, he takes to drinking, gambles on the stock-market, tries unsuccessfully to mortgage the farm, and eventually has to go on relief and work for the WPA. Meanwhile Lena's pregnancies have become chronic (there are eight in the book), and her constant struggles with poverty and child-bearing gradually transform her from a sweet, clever, affectionate wife into a woman worried old before her time, sharp-tongued, and bedraggled.

The effects of fear and want upon these two essentially decent young people are admirably indicated: Eddie's sense of failure because of his inadequacies as a provider for his family, his shame at being obliged to accept easy money from the Government, his efforts to punish himself by beating and scolding his children when they discover his shortcomings, Lena's progressive moral and physical decay, her attempts to cope with despair and find refuge in church-going, her furtive hoarding and lying so that her daughter may enjoy the opportunities she herself has missed, the repetition of her own unhappy history, and the eclipse of her sustaining dream.

Intertwined with this American tragedy is something of the external history of our times as it has affected the farmer: milk dumped on the roads, Roosevelt's first term, the bank holiday, pump-priming, governmental controls, the early German victories, Pearl Harbor, the era of burgeoning war jobs, our defeats and successes in the



following years. Eddie believes sincerely in "the old United States" and cannot understand its difficulties and disasters any more than he can understand his own. Obviously he and Lena suffer from lack of two of the Four Freedoms, they are scared and hungry, and at times they suspect that "if the Government paid more attention to this country and less to the rest of the world," people like them would somehow be better off. They reject the statement of the independent farmer, Joe Larmon, that if more folks tended to their own business, the Government wouldn't have to tend it for them. They want to be "good, nice people," they try hard but ineffectively; somehow life in this free country wears them down, warps them, and they fail. Is the responsibility theirs, the Government's, or their Maker's? In the course of the book they do some strangely crooked thinking.

This little saga is briefly and simply told. The author's telegraphic style with its verbless sentences and one-lined paragraphs makes the tale move swiftly, and adequately reflects the bewilderment of his protagonists and the shallowness of their mentality. It emphasizes, however, the over-simplification of the story itself and of its philosophy. So much happens in so short a space that the artful interference of the contriver is frequently manifest, and the story of Eddie and Lena moves us less than it otherwise might because the cards seem arbitrarily stacked against them by the dealer. Yet the obvious sincerity of the author, his sympathetic comprehension of his characters, and his ability to devise intensely human and dramatic situations provide us with a story that is poignant in its implications, if not always in its interpretation. The outlines at any rate are there, and any imaginative reader can be his own scholiast.

What Happened to Pvt. Bedlington

IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN. . . . By Don Freeman. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 216 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE.

THE transmigration of Albert C. Bedlington, Jr., is deeply symbolic of America's part in the war. Are we men, or just men's best friend? Perhaps it is possible to be both, but there is a period of doubt through which every soldier, it seems, must pass. What happened to Pvt. Bedlington has happened to seven or eight million of his countrymen, and it shouldn't, not even to a dog.

Pvt. Bedlington's adventures with the lower aspects of metempsychosis, which in his case seemed to have become entangled with teleportation, are described by artist Don Freeman in a series of illustrations which tug at the heartstrings and attempt sabotage on the tear ducts. Only a happy ending, in which Albert finds himself miraculously restored to a place in the ranks of humanity, saves the book from being a dark, grim tragedy, stark as the English moors and as unrelieved as the August heat.

Albert had a fear that it would happen. He spent so much time on all fours, scrubbing floors and creeping through imitation jungles, that it was no great surprise one morning when he looked at his face in the mirror and saw that the change had taken place. He was no longer Albert Bedlington. He was just Bedlington. The army was embarrassed. It sent him on a furlough, hoping he would not return. The train porter, sympathetic, gave him an upper berth; but a woman discovered him, newspaper photographers arrived, and in Washington a Senator demanded to know how Bedlington had gotten his priority. One thing led to another, the way it did in "King Lear," and poor Bedlington, in an effort to end it all, joined the Dogs of War.

How he eventually found happiness there, how the Senator got what was coming to him, and how you can make your own radio out of some old tin cans and a crochet hook, is for the reader himself to discover, providing he has the courage and the stamina to tackle this deep and meaningful work.

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The Little Man Who's Always There

NAKED CITY. By Weegee. New York: Essential Books. 1945. 246 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by AARON SUSSMAN

A SAD and sudden little man with a camera, who smokes cigars incessantly and lives by choice in a tiny room across the street from Police Headquarters, may turn out to be the most affectionate, if not the most effective, historian New York City ever had. There is no doubt that Weegee loves his subject; what's more, he understands her. He has just put together a magnificent album of snapshots and love letters. It is a wise and wonderful book, full of a man's mysterious love for the ineluctable *she*.

Weegee is America's ace free-lance newspaper photographer. His real name is Arthur Fellig. He was born in Germany, but came here as a child. He adopted the name "Weegee" which he himself pronounces "Weechee," because he seemed to get many of his inspirations for pictures psychically, as if through the *Ouija* board. He doesn't understand it himself. "Sometimes I'm drawn to the scene by some power I can't explain." Not even his shortwave police radio can account for those amazing snapshots of a man before and after an accident, or of a quiet street in Chinatown a few minutes before and after an explosion. There's something uncanny about Weegee's timing. He's the little man who's always there.

Weegee's job is an odd one for a man so timid. He supplies human interest photos of fires, murders, accidents, or whatever violence happens along, to the city newspapers and photo syndicates. His simple tools are a Speed Graphic camera with an Ektar lens, a pocket full of flash bulbs, some fast film, and a couple of police radios, one in his 1938 Chevrolet and one near his bed. He never really sleeps. The radio is on all night long. He'll doze undisturbed through a dozen dull, routine calls, but jump up, ready to go, when something comes through that's potentially a picture.

But it isn't only sudden death or flaming disaster that interests him. He has focussed his sentient lens on children sleeping on fire escapes during hot summer nights, the silly faces of people at a circus, a soldier and his girl asleep on a bench in Bryant Park, an elephant resting up for tomorrow, a girl being fired out of a cannon, a couple kissing in the dark and oblivious to the rain, a policeman leading a tiny dog away by a string.

Weegee's job has its fascinations, and it has begun to pay well. But he isn't happy. It wasn't so long ago that he walked the Bowery, stone broke. Then, a bed was the most desirable thing in the world. "The sight of a bed with white sheets in a furniture store window almost drove me crazy." Now he has the bed, and even the white sheets, but though he says, "I keep to myself, belong to no group, like to be left alone with no axe to grind," nevertheless he's unhappy. Ask him why and he'll tell you he's the most frustrated man alive; that he's never had a single thing he really wanted. His greatest frustration is women. They're afraid of him; claim he looks like Peter Lorre, especially when he forgets to shave. They treat him gently, like a big brother or a platonic friend, but nothing more. His flash shot of an undraped cutie in a telephone booth is wistfully captioned: "A phone booth is a handy place to make a date."

Though Weegee has photographed practically everyone of importance, including the former King Edward of England (because the Cigar Institute was interested in cigar-smoking celebrities), he himself acted like a bride before a wedding when a magazine editor brought him over to Philip Halsman's studio for a portrait sitting. "This is the first time that I've ever had my picture taken in a high-class studio," was his charming explanation.

Weegee's photographic bestsellers were murders and fires. He often cried as he took the pictures that have made him famous. My favorites among them are: the afternoon and evening of a Central Park fire; that marvelous picture of a peddler and his horse in the snow; the "simply add boiling water" sign on a building going up in flames; the grief-torn faces of a mother and daughter watching a fire which had trapped two of their family; the Bowery by day, "where only the El makes music"; the simpering faces of two swells at an opera.

Weegee is a wondering man. He saw a woman running out of a burning building holding a cardboard box. "It was none of my business, but I'm curious about people." So he asked her what she had saved, and why. The box contained a couple of snakes; she needed them for her dance act the next day. Weegee has wondered about other things: "Strange, at fires holy objects seem to be immune to flames." And, "people like to sing loud in the dark." About censorship: "Those *Police Gazette* photos of beautiful show girls are gone over by the Post Office in Washington, D. C., and by a bishop in Davenport, Iowa. An artist then paints panties over the tights and paints out all the belly buttons." Fortunately for Weegee, and for us, "Naked City" has been spared such impudent emasculation; neither the tights nor the belly buttons are missing. Here is all of a great city presented without shame and without shudder . . . a superb lens portrait by an artist whose camera has caught the city at its best and at its worst, but never at a dull moment.

Caption from the book: This was a good "catch" for me. Who should walk into Madison Square Garden one night while the circus was playing there but the former King of England with Wally Simpson . . . the woman he gave up his throne for, because he loved her. Always on the alert . . . I quickly snapped their picture. Do you want to know why? Well, the Cigar Institute of America wants photos of celebrities smoking cigars . . . and they offer prizes to the photographers who get some pictures published in newspapers. . . . (They do this to counteract the movies which show gangsters smoking cigars from the side of their mouths.) Oh well, this shot got published. I won first prize—fifty dollars—a medal . . . and a pocketful of good cigars. After I snapped their Highnesses's picture, I shook hands with them and wished them luck.

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Strictly Personal

ALL I KNOW ABOUT BANKS

THERE are some people who when they enter banks even to cash their own checks or to make deposits in their own accounts experience malaise. It is a sentiment of not being wanted, of having entered the church of somebody else against the will of its parishioners, or even of being engaged in a shady enterprise which may lead to trouble with the law. These emotions may be deeply Freudian, Jungian, or Adlerian. In that case, nothing can assist the Anxious Depositor save psychoanalysis. But they may be the reactions of people who merely do not feel quite the same way about money as most. Whatever the sentiments are, I have them.

There is something about banks.

For one thing, banks, of all semi-public buildings, most closely resemble penitentiaries. They are barred with saw-resistant steel, like prisons. Uniformed men carrying ostentatious weapons stand about the premises. Cashiers and various other functionaries operate cautiously from behind bullpens. In banks, one is always aware of secret electrical devices on the qui vive. The false move of a customer—a look in the wrong direction or a too-quick snatch at a handkerchief—may set alarms clangoring, whistles blowing, and guards shooting—as in the case of escaped convicts. These are prison attributes. And even though it is only money that has been incarcerated with such solemn ferocity, persons like myself, aware that the money belongs to us, suffer from a sense of at least partial imprisonment of ourselves.

Again, banks reveal to me that I have been identified with the marauding classes. This rouses an animal instinct—a fraction of the Old Fear. And I took a long time to put my finger on the symbology of it. One apprehensive morning, I entered a bank divided in a multitude of brass-barred compartments, and I realized that the place resembled not merely a prison but also a zoo. However, the cashiers and cashierettes (a word I give to forward-looking banks) were not resisting confinement with the loud rage of lions, the lifelong plodding of bears, or the sad, perpetual trot of foxes. They were, I realized, quite calm on their side of the bars. It was I, with my properly endorsed check and my correctly filled-in deposit slip, who felt caged.

And rightly. The gilded bars were not meant to hold in the clerks but to keep out the people—including me. For to banks, the world is a zoo of dangerous animals (as, alas, it is); they had been forced to cage me out there with the other beasts. This perception added a new element to my understanding of the mental hazard of entering banks. I am myself not abnormally afraid of robbers. Gun-play I have found most interesting. But I do dislike the fact that a bank has to put me in a cage the instant I enter it.

Prison, and animal pen—a bank is. It is also a sepulchre. Who can look long at the portal of a vault without realizing that bankers bury the money

every night—bury it beneath a slab no man (they hope) can roll away? Such utter entombment has been rarely arranged even for illustrious corpses. Perhaps—just perhaps—it is as difficult to open a Pyramid as a safety-deposit vault. And in the realm of serious burying, there is also the Time Capsule. But beyond a few of these human strivings toward the unopenable grave, nothing approaches the commonplace metal sarcophagi of banks. It is a miracle that they are able to get themselves unlocked and their terrible doors thrust back—each day—at nine A. M.

A person provided with so elaborate a comprehension of banks should lose his malaise. I have visited San Quentin without tremor; I have entered the cages of wild animals without apprehension; and I have calmly dug human graves and assisted at human burial. I should be able to face a related melange of all three *sans* particular trepidation. But I am not.

Wherefore, in odd moments I have extended my research upon this psychic predicament. I find it pervades many other provinces. The Income Tax, for example, although it is not an institution clothed in visible steel bars and protected by palpable pistols, has somewhat the same effect upon me. To my declarations I apply the sweaty attention another man would give to the preparation of a defense of his life—or of his liberty, which is the same thing. Yet my perennial panic is not occasioned by a fear that I shall be imprisoned like Capone for falsifying my report; even if I were as unscrupulous as many business men, I would deem it infantile to cheat. No—it is some different process. And it is not hatred of being asked to pay more tax years later. That has happened to me—owing to an argument with a reviewing agent over the constitution of a "bad debt"—and I paid the extra revenue without hysteria. The thing is an anxiousness lest the world in general should fail to accept my attitude toward money itself.

A SIMPLE custom of mine defined it. I am a taxi-cab rider. When a subway kiosk is at hand, when the underground route is direct, and when a station on the way falls in the very building to which I am going, I still take a cab. This is not the product of a phobia about subways; it refers to the simpler opinion that anyone who could afford a cab and who still chose a subway would be, to my way of thinking, a little bit insane.

By my friends regard my constant use of taxis as the most heinous of crimes—a Waste of Money. And there's the crux of the matter. For I find my sentiments concerning cash do not conform in any way to those of bankers, tax collectors, government officials, or my associates.

Money is crystallized human energy—physical energy or mental energy. My own money (after taxes) ought therefore to be used by me—I think—to save or to embellish such physical and mental energies as I wish to save or to adorn. The actual value of money is subject to change without notice, as all persons of my age are aware through experience and as future experiences of many sorts will assuredly demonstrate ad infinitum. With money, nothing can be bought but time—either what is called "leisure" by those persons who do not know anything concerning time—or else temporal things. And since most temporal objects exist either to save or to ornament human time, their value, also, exists only moment by moment, which is to say, in the present.

This position, from which no statement yet made by anybody has been able to shake me, leads to other and even more heretical hunches about money. For example, I do not understand how anybody can believe there's

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security to be had in it. Ten dollars may buy me today yet all the money on earth cannot add five minutes to tomorrow. People who have money this morning cannot even guess what people will do about the value of so arbitrary a substance by afternoon. Money isn't security. The measure of such human security as exists is established by a different phenomenon: man's confidence in himself and in other men. Whenever men lose confidence, their hordes turn to ashes and they are likely to shoot each other by the millions to boot.

Man's confidence in man closely approaches nil, these days—as usual. The precautions which banks take concerning money prove it. Man can't be trusted. So I feel that the current philosophy of funds, be it democratic, fascistic, or communal, is the result of a blindness of homo sapiens in this particular stage of his evolution. The money illusion leads him to struggle from rags to riches; it causes revolutions in his nations; and since terrestrial life is geared to the illusion, it is death not to have some money right now. But it seems to me there is no such thing as money tomorrow. Not the way bankers and communists alike believe there is.

Wherefore, when I enter a bank or make out a tax form, I am apostate. I do invade great cathedrals of dough, and participate in all the ceremonies thereto appendant, but always as a doubter. The bars and steel doors alone seem real to me—the reverence, ectoplasm.

There is nothing saintly in my thoughts. The people of this world are so far lost in money that it seems too late for a well-wisher to affect anybody, or even to obtain a chance to reason, by living in a gunny sack. All governments are money-governments —all churches purse-leech. I can merely give or spend the little left to me as I please—aware that it is little because of man's inconfidence. War, for instance, and war's fear help make necessary the ever-deeper ante. So banks represent to me not the power of money but its impotence—not a means to security in living here but life's perilousness—and not real thrift or any hope at all, but man's universal, foredoomed superstition that he can someday, somehow, find a way to buy off his fates. Everything banks think they are is exactly what I am sure they are not.

This vaguely upsets me.

PHILIP WYLIE.

BUY EVEN MORE BONDS TO SPEED FINAL VICTORY

High Treason Against the Reich

SIX OF THEM. By Alfred Neumann. Translated from the German by Anatol Murad. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 327 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

IN the spring of 1943, the Munich *Volksgerichtshof*—that special Nazi court "not bound to the procedure prescribed by the penal code" and "responsible only to the Fuehrer"—sentenced six persons to suffer death by the ax for having perpetrated the crime of high treason against People and Reich.

There seemed to be nothing extraordinary or unique about that trial of a professor of history, Huber, and his wife, and four of his students, among them a one-legged war veteran, Scholl, and his young sister. All over Germany, the People's Courts were busily dealing out death sentences to "traitors, panicmongers and cowards" in those days of a spring filled with the fresh memories of the terrible winter of Stalingrad and with the hectic preparations for a new—the last—Nazi summer offensive. The death sentences were carried out without delay and with customary efficiency; the controlled press reported about the executions in standardized three-line notices; and after that all these cases were sucked in by the big sea of silence—at least for the duration of Hitler's millennium.

The case of Huber-Scholl, however, refused to be submerged in oblivion even for a short while. A few days after the execution of the six, a leaflet which they had written and distributed among a rather limited number of students, reappeared, in a large edition, printed on newsprint instead of typewritten, and enriched with a postscript about the courage displayed by the six in their trial. The Gestapo and the People's Courts had to occupy themselves with the Huber-Scholl leaflet over and over again, not only in Munich but also in Freiburg, Goettingen, Tuebingen, Stuttgart, and other university towns of Southern Germany. Copies of the "Munich Students' Manifesto" were found in the knapsacks of German soldiers in the East and in the West. Underground organizations transmitted the text to the free countries where it was translated and published. Yet widely spread and eagerly read as the manifesto was, it did not produce the effects its authors had fervently hoped for. There was no rising, no open revolt.

—Ernest E. Gottlieb

Alfred Neumann is a "true German patriot with the hope for a triumph of the forces of redemption."

Alas, this belief was a delusion. The voices of the six remained but voices in the wilderness, doubly tragic in their vain attempt to arouse the will to fight the Evil in a people whose heart and soul had already been too strongly paralyzed by the poison of fear and complicity and corruption.

It must have been this aspect of the story of the six which peculiarly attracted Mr. Neumann, both as a novelist with an old predilection for dramatic situations and extraordinary characters, and as a true German patriot whose hatred of the Nazis and grief over the degradation of the vast majority of the German people are still coupled with the hope for a final triumph of the forces of redemption.

A craftsman of great experience and skill, Mr. Neumann masterfully combines economy in the use of his artistic means with richness of imagination and narrative power. Using only a few major flashbacks, he weaves into the canvas of his story of a short preliminary examination and an even shorter trial before the People's Court, the character portrayals and life stories of the six main protagonists and their relatives and friends and foes, clearly set against the darkening background of a Germany tumbling with ever quickening pace from one disgrace to another.

Many passages of this sincere and passionate novel will long be remembered by its readers, especially the weird picture of the voluntary stupor of Christopher Sauer; the fine character sketch of the "destroyed destroyer of life," member of the People's Court, Baron Freyberg; and the moving story of the married love of Karl von Hennings and Dora.

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A MIDWIFERY FOR MEN

THEÆTETUS. I can assure you, Socrates, that I have tried very often to answer your questions; but I can neither persuade myself that I have any answer to give, nor hear of any one who answers as you would have him. I cannot shake off a feeling of anxiety.

Socrates. These are the pangs of labor, my dear Theætetus; you have something within you which you are bringing to birth.

Theaet. I do not know, Socrates; I only say what I feel.

Soc. And did you never hear, simpleton, that I am the son of a midwife, brave and burly, whose name was Phænarete?

Theaet. Yes, I have.

Soc. And that I myself practise midwifery?

Theaet. No, never.

Soc. Let me tell you that I do, my friend; but you must not reveal the secret, as the world in general has not found me out; and therefore they only say of me, that I am the strangest of mortals, and drive men to their wits' end. Did you ever hear that too?

Theaet. Yes.

Soc. Shall I tell you the reason?

Theaet. By all means.

Soc. Bear in mind the whole business of the midwives, and then you will see my meaning better. By the use of potions and incantations they are able to arouse the pangs and to soothe them at will; they can make those bear who have a difficulty in bearing, and if they think fit, they can smother the embryo in the womb.

Theaet. They can.

Soc. Did you ever remark that they are also most cunning matchmakers, and have a thorough knowledge of what unions are likely to produce a brave brood?

Theaet. No, never.

Soc. Then let me tell you that this is their greatest pride, more than cutting the umbilical cord. And if you reflect, you will see that the same art which cultivates and gathers in the fruits of the earth, will be most likely to know in what soils the several plants or seeds should be deposited.

Theaet. Yes, the same art.

Soc. And do you suppose that with women the case is otherwise?

Theaet. I should think not.

Soc. Certainly not; but midwives are respectable women and have a character to lose, and they avoid this department of their profession, because they are afraid of being called procuresses, which is a name given to those who join together man and woman in an unlawful and unscientific way; and yet the true midwife is also the true and only matchmaker.

Theaet. Clearly.

Soc. Such are the midwives, whose task is a very important one, but not so important as mine; for women do not bring into the world at one time real children, and at another time counterfeits which are with difficulty distinguished from them; if they did, then the discernment of the true and false birth would be the crowning achievement of the art of midwifery—you would think so?

Theaet. Indeed I should.

Soc. Well, my art of midwifery is in most respects like theirs; but differs in that I attend men and not women, and I look after their souls when they are in labor, and not after their bodies; and the triumph of my art is in thoroughly examining whether the thought which the mind of the young man is bringing to birth, is a false idol or a noble and true spirit.

And like the midwives, I am barren, and the reproach which is often made against me, that I ask questions of others and have not the wit to answer them myself, is very just; the reason is, that the god compels me to be a midwife, but forbids me to bring forth.

And therefore I am not myself at all wise, nor have I anything to show which is the invention or birth of my own soul, but those who converse with me profit. Some of them appear dull enough at first, but afterwards, as our acquaintance ripens, if the god is gracious to them, they all make astonishing progress; and this in the opinion of others as well as their own.

It is quite clear that they had never learned anything from me; the many fine discoveries to which they cling are of their own making. But to me and the god they owe their delivery. And the proof of my words is, that many of them in their ignorance, either in their self-conceit despising me, or falling under the influence of others, have gone away too soon; and have not only lost the children of whom I had previously delivered them by an ill bringing up, but have stifled whatever else they had in them by evil communications, being fonder of lies and shams than of the truth; and they have at last ended by seeing themselves, as others see them, to be great fools. Dire are the pangs which my art is able to arouse and to allay in those who consort with me, just like the pangs of women in childbirth; night and day they are full of perplexity and travail which is even worse than that of the women.

So much for them. And there are others, Theætetus, who come to me apparently having nothing in them; and as I know that they have no need of my art, I coax them into marrying some one, and by the grace of God I can generally tell who is likely to do them good. Many of them I have given away to Prodicus, and many to other inspired sages.

I tell you this long story, friend Theætetus, because I suspect, as indeed you seem to think yourself, that you are in labor—great with some conception. Come then to me, who am a midwife's son and myself a midwife, and try to answer the questions which I will ask you. And if I abstract and expose your first-born, because I discover upon inspection that the conception which you have formed is a vain shadow, do not quarrel with me on that account, as the manner of women is when their first children are taken from them. For I have actually known some who were ready to bite me when I deprived them of a darling folly; they did not perceive that I acted from good will, not knowing that no god is the enemy of man—that was not within the range of their ideas; neither am I their enemy in all this, but it would be wrong in me to admit falsehood, or to stifle the truth.

Once more, then, Theætetus, I repeat my old question, "What is knowledge?" and do not say that you cannot tell; but quit yourself like a man, and by the help of God you will be able to tell.

—Plato ["Dialogues"]

Summer Song

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

THE flower leans against the fruit.
The leaf betrays the full design.
The bud begins the listening note.
That swells to music, full, benign,
The wreath of sound that wakes the day;
That winds along the hour of June—
The petals falling as the sound
Is loosened on the empty vine.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Round Emily's Name

SIR: To Melville Cane after reading his "Dickinsons and Todds" in the *SRL:*

Because I am a Dickinson I wot
That I should put the Bingham on the spot,—
Return all of her punches, smear by smear,
For being, what God made her—so I hear—
A Todd!

But do you think that Mabel's "lifted face"
Shines brighter, now, amid the Saints in space,
With God?

Do you believe Lavinia and Sue
Serve out the fate the Binghams think their due,
Amongst the damned in Dante's lower crypt—
Of manuscripts and reputation stripped?
Too well.

I know that more than once it has been said
That all the Dickinsons are cold and dead
In Hell!

So many fairy tales are being told—
Those quaint imaginings are bought and sold!
Let's carry on this dizzy paying game,
Which dances like a dervish round her name,
Yes, Emily's,

Who worshipped all the lovely things she saw
And weighed their "chemistry" from Bee to Star,—
Sweet similes.

VIRGINIA DICKINSON REYNOLDS.
Richmond, Va.

Large versus Small Books

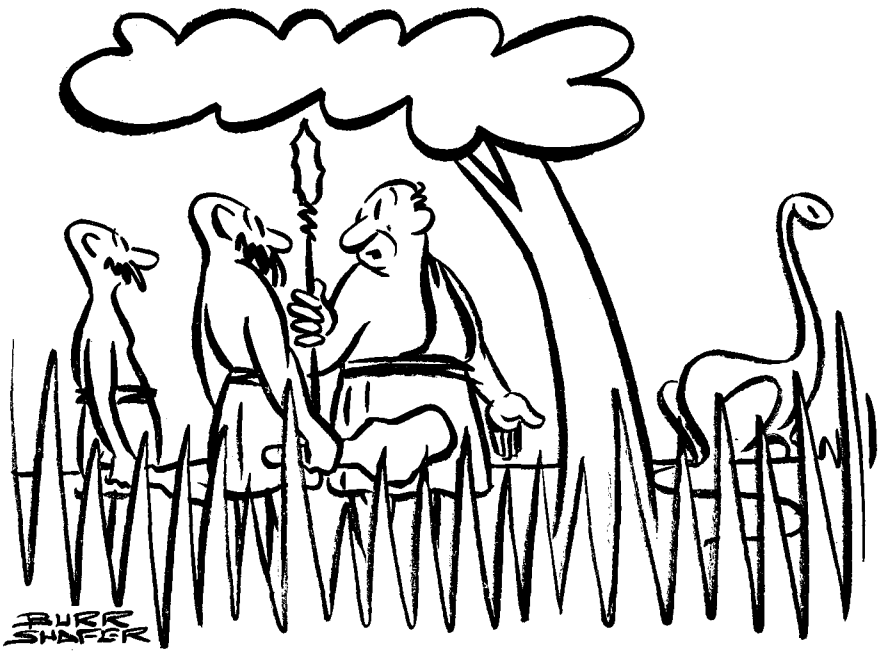
SIR: I have read the column entitled Trade Winds by Mr. Bennett Cerf in the June 2 issue of your magazine. I like this column. It is one part of your paper that is written in language that I can understand.

Note Mr. Cerf quotes a letter from one Mrs. Kaufmann in which she says, "I wonder if publishers know how delighted the reading public is with the wonderful improvement in the format of books." I haven't heard that you are conducting a poll on this subject but I would like to take this opportunity to place one unit of the reading public on record as being decidedly undelighted with these half-pint pamphlets. If the publishers think that I am delighted with them just let them try to sell me some. I want a book that I can get hold of with both hands and even if it weighs two or three pounds I still have strength enough to hold it.

Mr. Ernest Bishop says, "I vote for the war books, small, compact volumes that are pleasant to the eye, easy to hold, and space-saving on the shelves." Agreed that they are space-saving. If books had always been published in this form the Chicago Public Library could today be housed in two rooms and a kitchenette. As to being pleasant to the eye I cannot see eye to eye with Mr. Bishop in this respect. A shelf full of these war babies looks more like a collection of Ayres Almanacs than a library. They have a juvenile appearance and remind me forcibly of the Sunday School library I used to patronize back around 1890.

I am in favor of a speedy return as soon as may be to those "abominable over-bulked, and padded monstrosities conceived by dim wits" and an end to these meagre, underfed starvelings born of the exigencies of war. When I sit down to read I don't like to have to search my vest pockets to find my book.

F. A. HOVEY.
Greyhill, Wyoming.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH. 25,000 B.C.
"Why should *I* always be the one to show all the leadership?"

Mann and Nazi Defeat

SIR: Re "Luebeck to Liberty," by Alfred Werner [*SRL,* June 16]:

Few would challenge Mr. Werner's statement that Dr. Mann's "works of fiction are . . . more important than his essays and speeches" or fail to admit the greatness of "The Magic Mountain" or "Joseph," but he must have been rather deep in his schnapps to have burbled ". . . Mann contributed as much to the defeat of Nazism as ten military divisions might have done" (I wonder if the men of Dunkirk would agree) or to think that a "high-class" anti-Nazi magazine would get very far in convincing anyone that Nazism, or more truthfully Germanism, was an abomination.

Like Mr. Werner I "can think of no better birthday present for Dr. Mann on his seventieth birthday than the victory of the United Nations," but I hardly think they did it *all* for him.

NEIL MCNEIL.
Silver Spring, Md.

A Happy Judicial Style

SIR: I skipped the editor's note to the *Esquire* decision piece [*SRL,* June 16, by Thurman Arnold] and read it all the way through before it dawned on me that I was reading the opinion itself. As a lawyer I can hardly be blamed for never suspecting that a judge could be capable of writing anything that lucid.

JULIUS W. LONG.
Lakeview, Ohio.

Use or Misuse?

SIR: The use of the phrase "in back of" for "behind" or "at the back of" has become so prevalent recently in books and magazines—even in the *SRL* —that I am wondering if I am wrong in my belief that this is very poor English.

Of course, one can find anything in books and newspapers, but when this ugly phrase appears time and again in the *SRL,* I begin to doubt my own mind. The fact that no one has challenged your continued use of this phrase adds to my bewilderment. Will some one please enlighten me?

FRANCES BARNES.
Cincinnati, O.

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TRADE Winds

THEY TELL OF A rather harrowing experience undergone recently by John P. Marquand. He turned up one morning at the Boston Navy Yard and volunteered to do a story or two on current operations, all proceeds to go to various Navy Relief Funds. "My day is yours," he said, "just so long as I get home in time for a little dinner I'm giving at my home this evening." "There's nothing much to be seen around here right now," he was told. "We'll fly you down to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Couple of big carriers being repaired there." "But my dinner —," protested Marquand. "Oh, we'll get you back in a few hours," they assured him.

The carriers, unfortunately, had not yet turned up in Brooklyn, and before Mr. Marquand could say very much about dinner or anything else, he was being whisked across the continent to San Francisco. This again proved to be nothing but a way-stop, and just as evening shadows fell, he found himself headed straight for Guam. When the Navy does a thing, it does it thoroughly. Mr. Marquand's little jaunt ended aboard a carrier pasting Iwo Jima, with Jap suicide planes diving in from all directions. He never did get home for that dinner. So little time. . . . .

DO YOU EVER listen to the "Author Meets the Critics" program on the radio? It is broadcast every Monday evening from 8 to 8:30, over Station WHN, under the sponsorship of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and every now and again ends up in a general free-for-all that's worth going quite a distance to hear. A few Mondays ago, for instance, Orville Prescott, John McCaffery, and I had at Sterling North and Clip Boutell, and their new

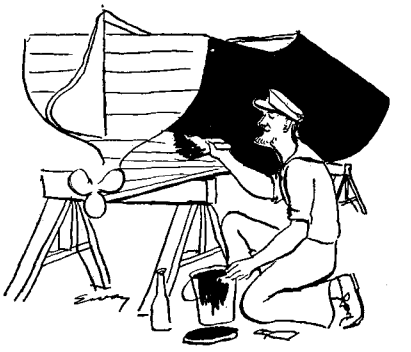
anthology, "Speak of the Devil," and while the boys were still on their feet at the final gong, they were visibly groggy.

Personally, I found more than enough first-rate stories that I had never come across before to make "Speak of the Devil" thoroughly rewarding. Publishers always have suspected that book critics, not to mention anthologists, were headed for the nether regions anyhow; Sterling and Clip, as usual, simply reached their destination first, and probably will cash in handsomely as a result. The devils in their selections may seem a bit tame and inoffensive after some of the specimens who have been performing for us right here on earth, but there is a real wallop left in such stories as Max Beerbohm's "Enoch Soames," John Collier's "Bottle Party," C. S. Lewis's "Screwtape Letters," Robert Arthur's "Satan and Sam Shay," and, of course, Stephen Benét's magnificent "The Devil and Daniel Webster," which ends the volume on a triumphant note.

There are a couple of stories in heavy Scotch and Negro dialects, too, inserted perhaps by Beelzebub himself. Do Trade Winds readers share my abomination of stories loaded down with jaw-breaking and sometimes-impossible-to-understand dialect? One of the editors' sprightly footnotes refers to the "Rotund" Café on the Left Bank. Come, come, boys. Don't let your stomachs go to your heads. . . .

WIDE-SPREAD RUMORS of impending major developments in the 25-cent book field were confirmed this week when Grosset and Dunlap and the Curtis Publishing Company jointly announced a new line, called Bantam Books, that is expected to be up with the leaders in the field in short order. President of Bantam Books, Inc., will be Ian Ballantine, formerly of Penguin. The boards of directors of Grosset and Dunlap, reprint publishers, and the Curtis Publishing Company, publishers of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies Home Journal*, in announcing the new venture, made clear that they regarded it as an important development in their post-war plans. . . .

WHEN DAVID LOEW, the film producer, was in New York some months ago, stopping at the Drake, he was visited by Win Nathanson, his publicity counsel. Nathanson's eye was caught by a large painting, elaborately framed,



and he remarked, "Isn't that rather fine for a hotel print?" Loew clapped a hand to his head. "Hotel print!" he cried. "That's an original Renoir I just bought for $39,000!" Loew's interest in Renoir became apparent when it was announced that the artist's son Jean had been selected to direct the screen version of George Sessions Perry's fine novel, "Hold Autumn in Your Hand." There was some eyebrow-raising at the time. Lon Tinkle, book critic of the *Dallas News*, spoke for many when he asked, "What on earth does a Frenchman know about the problems of a Texas sharecropper?"

Well, I've just seen a prevue of the completed picture, renamed, in the inexplicable fashion of Hollywood, "The Southerner," and I rise to state that no novel in recent years has been translated into celluloid more faithfully or impressively. Zachary Scott and Betty Field surpass themselves in their portrayal of the young couple determined to raise their own cotton crop, and Mr. Renoir has proved that the trials and tribulations of men who till the soil are universal.

"The Southerner" will be released next month. Loew knows that American farmers will understand and sympathize with the problems of the Tucker family, but wonders how foreign markets will receive it. He remembers the failure of the film version of "The Grapes of Wrath" in South America. Farmers in those parts, it developed, couldn't shed any tears over the plight of Oakies who actually drove their own automobile and ate with some degree of regularity. "Bloody capitalists," they muttered—or the Spanish equivalent thereof. . . .

IT COULD BE JUST a harmless bid for publicity, but a Bobbs-Merrill scout vows that this incident actually took place in a Springfield, Illinois, bookshop. A window dresser, wearing the customary foot-coverings, was arranging a display of Jay Monaghan's new Lincoln study, "Diplomat in Carpet Slippers," when a bearded citizen tapped the proprietor on the shoulder. "Would it be in order," he inquired, "to remind that diplomat in carpet slippers you're showing off in the win-

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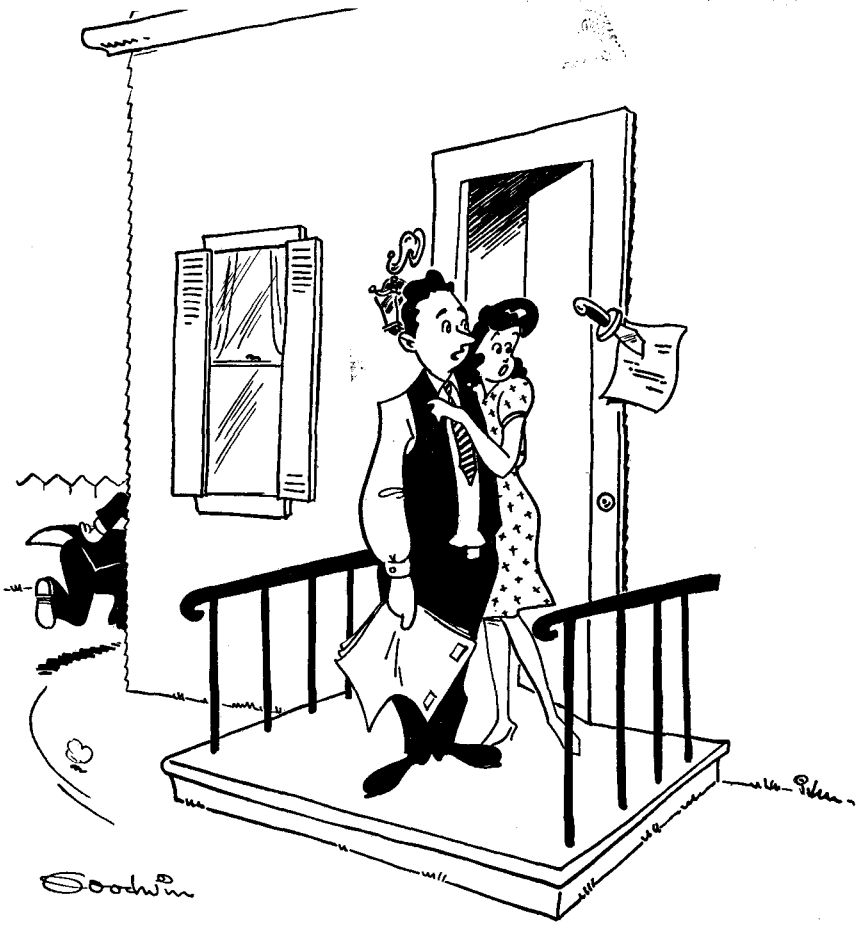

"Our subscription to *Murder Mysteries* has expired."

dow that he owes me two bucks?" . . . *The Los Angeles News* is authority for the story of a man who dropped into J. W. Robinson's fiction department and asked, "Buddy, can you tell me where Third Street is?" It seems that the gentleman was a streetcar motorman, a rookie, completely lost—with a full load of passengers. . . . Field's in Chicago staged an impressive shindig to commemorate the publication of Marshall Field's "Freedom is More Than a Word." Annabelle Scoon noted one bobby-soxer in the audience who examined Mr. Field's autograph and exclaimed, "Isn't he cute! He's named himself after the store!" . . . One of Westbrook Pegler's favorite targets has been Kyle Crichton of *Collier's*. Mr. C. is going to turn the tables in an early issue of that magazine. . . . Publisher marries picture star! The bride: Louise Rainer, once wed to Clifford Odets, and winner of Academy awards for her performances in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth." The groom: Robert Knittel, formerly of Doubleday, now editor for Creative Age Press. . . . Will you stand for one more clerihew? L. S. Jones recalls

D. H. Lawrence
Once lived in Florence.
If it had been Compton Mackenzie
He would have called it Firenze. . . .

RETURNING WAR veterans have brought back two delectable tales with them.

The first concerns an intrepid scout who picked a tight moment in the North African campaign for a solo reconnaisance mission, equipped with one sub-machine gun and one middle-aged camel. After some days a native Arab turned up at Headquarters with an electrifying message from the scout: "Returning at once. Rommel captured!" A great reception was planned for the hero, with a regimental band and a couple of field marshals whipped up for the occasion. When the scout stumbled into camp, all alone, everybody felt pretty much let down. "Where's Rommel?" demanded the C.O. "Rommel?" repeated the scout. "How do I know?" "Didn't you send back a message, 'Returning at once. Rommel captured'?" screamed the C.O. "Hell, no," said the scout. "What I said was, 'Returning at once. Camel ruptured'."

The second story, more up to date, is laid at a big pow-wow met to discuss punishment of Nazi war criminals. "I've brought along the British plan," said the delegate from London, producing a voluminous document. "We have a plan, too," said the American delegate, planking a three-hundred-page volume on the table. The Russian sat silent, his arms folded. "Where is your plan?" asked the others. "The Russians have no plan," said the Muscovite. "No plan?" echoed the others. "No," said the Russian, reaching into his pocket, *"We just have a list!"*

BENNETT CERF.

EVER SINCE the day, almost a year ago, when I scowled my way through the first manuscript page of **Burning Gold** by ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS, I have been convinced that here was the makings of an unusual historical novel.

BEFORE the book could slide down the ways into the bookstores, I received no less than five letters averaging twenty typewritten pages each from the author (who lives in California) and talked with him long distance to the tune of $32. The letters and the phone call covered minute questions of expression, characterization, and the progress of the manuscript in general. The progress of the manuscript was slow because of the details of the setting (England, South America, and the Isthmus in the 1690's) were based on ten years' research, and because Andrews was letting the characters write their own story, so to speak. In fact, he didn't know which of the two great women in the story chief-character Tom Dover was going to choose.

THOUGH a tempestuous romance runs through the book, it by no means smothers the deep intellectual threads, the conflicts of Dover's soul, the ticklish question of just what it takes to legalize piracy, and the fascinating documentation of eighteenth century medical and explorative knowledge. If there is Dover the lover of two women, there is also Dover the reluctant but magnificent pirate; Dover the medical scientist fighting against sloth, ignorance, and complacency; Dover the dealer with evil men. If there is the struggle between the frustrations of two complex and sensitive women, there is also the struggle of frustrated William Dampier (famous navigator and explorer) against his wide-travelled but narrow mind; of one Daniel Defoe against his own insouciance for his own private gain.

TO ATTEMPT enumeration of the complex structure of this book in a column which has one line to go is ridiculous. I suggest you read it.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

"ASKING TOO MUCH OF THE DRAMA"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Mason Brown is on vacation. This is the second of a series of six guest columns to be published while he is away. The author of Seeing Things this week is Richard Watts, Jr., the* New York Herald Tribune's *quondam movie and drama critic and an incessant globetrotter.*

IN the dim, gaslit day when I started writing about stage and screen the great newspaper drama critics were such titans as William Winter, Acton Davies, and Louis De Foe. Lest such a statement make me seem even more patriarchal than I am, I hasten to add that these gentlemen were not then practising their illustrious profession. They had, in fact, long before passed to their reward, and their aisle seats were occupied by Percy Hammond, Alexander Woollcott, and Heywood Broun. That was what gave them their stature. To the producers, playwrights, actors, and playgoers who shook their heads so sadly, play reviewing had passed from its once high estate with the death of the Messrs. Winter, Davies, and De Foe, and Hammond, Woollcott, and Broun were but literary pygmies debasing its standards. The only good drama critic was the dead drama critic.

Then, in Heaven's good time, Hammond, Woollcott, and Broun departed for the shadows and were succeeded by fellows bearing such names as Atkinson, Brown, and Watts. And, lo and behold, the producers, playwrights, actors, and playgoers began shaking their heads sadly and proclaiming dolefully that newspaper reviewing had been a mighty profession when practised by the eloquent Percy, the exciting Aleck, and the noble Heywood but was being degraded by the current numbskulls. I used to brood over the humiliating position in which we, the unworthy successors of a race of giants, found ourselves, and, in moments of particular blackness, could cheer myself only by the thought that perhaps when we, too, were dead some one would discover our hidden virtues.

This time, however, a world in war was required. John Brown, together with another of the despised reviewers, Richard Lockridge, went into the Navy; Brooks Atkinson went to China, and I, after a year of propagandizing in neutral Eire, joined him. If it wasn't death it was a pretty strenuous separation from the things of Broadway, and the effect on our memories surprisingly turned out to be the same. Even along the coast of Normandy and to our mountain fastness in Chungking, on the other end of the world, there came the cheering news that posterity was pursuing us. Those wonderful, those fabulous, those epic critics, with their deep love for and knowledge of the theatre and their fine understanding, the incomparable Atkinson, Brown, Anderson, Mantle, Lockridge, and Watts, were gone and in their place was an unworthy league of upstarts.

Now, it is not my contention that this seemingly inevitable propensity of the theatre to denounce its professional critics when they are on the job and caress them when they have departed from it is any more justified in the current case than in the previous instances I have recorded—although I do have my suspicions. I bring the matter up here chiefly because it strikes me that, since so far as newspaper drama criticism goes I have become one with Ninevah and Tyre, I am in a fine position to ponder certain problems of my one-time profession from a lofty, detached, and enviably Olympic position. For example, I would like to take the liberty to speak for John Mason Brown and Brooks Atkinson, as well as for myself, in correcting certain misapprehensions about our voluntary departures from the theatre to take up wartime matters in distant parts.

IN a recent issue of a magazine bearing the somewhat hortatory title of *Go,* I set down some wistful notes about how it feels for a quondam play reviewer to return to the scene of his Broadway crimes. I thought I was very sentimental about the whole thing and was considerably surprised a short time later to find John Chapman, Burns Mantle's successor on that cheery organ of good will, the *News,* saying with uncharacteristic harshness that "some of the reviewers, whose minds have been enlarged by some kind of service in the war, are beginning to belittle the trade they once followed and to look down their noses at the Drama because it doesn't seem to be very important after all." He added that I found the stage "pretty flimsy" but that, while he envied Brown, Atkinson, and me our dashing adventures, he felt "no shame either for self or the stage" and didn't want us to go patronizing either him or it. He noted that he, for one, did not demand too much of the drama.

Well, I do, and so, I believe, do the Messrs. Brown and Atkinson. To that extent Mr. Chapman is laboring under no misapprehension about us at all. When he suggests that we are scornful of the theatre as a medium of expression or of drama criticism as a peacetime career, he is gravely mistaken. When he feels that our refusal to be satisfied with writing about the stage in wartime implies any sort of desertion of what we had pretended was our favorite art form he is equally in error. But when he sets down his impression that we perhaps demand too much of the drama, he is absolutely right. At least one thing I have learned in my many restless trips throughout a war-wracked world, beginning long before Pearl Harbor, and I have continued to insist on it, ever since I watched Republican Spain go down before international fascist assault and saw Japanese planes drop American scrap iron on Chungking and Hankow in the days of appeasement. It is that, in a world of blood and chaos, one of the few hopeful, civilized activities left to mankind is the theatre, and that it should therefore be cherished and held in pride and made worthy of its estate.

Having rather a pretty taste in trash, I would be unhappy if, to make a fantastic assumption, it should come to pass that the theatre offered us only lofty, serious, and artistically distinguished works. The gay and trivial pieces, the girl-and-music shows, the lively melodramas are to be cherished and enjoyed for what they are worth, and I join Mr. Chapman in applauding them. But that isn't what we have to bother about; the stage rarely fails us in these amiable minor pursuits. It is merely my contention that if, in addition to these things, the theatre does not give us dramas of beauty and imagination, dramas that intelligently contemplate the world in which we live and the past from which we sprang, dramas that reveal some sense of meaning of our epic times—in short, a well-rounded theatre that represents the best thought and ideals,

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THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY
OKLAHOMA!
NOW—Forrest Theatre, Philadelphia

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—Lyons, Post
BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY · JOAN McCRACKEN · DAVID BROOKS · DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN
Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. (AIR-COND.)
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
AIR COND.
44th ST. THEATRE, W. of By. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Moves to MARTIN BECK THEATRE July 30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents—PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.
(AIR-CONDITIONED)

as well as the loveliest imagination, of our country and its people—it is falling down on its job. It is because I respect the potentialities and the mission of our theatre that I expect the most of it and will not be satisfied until it meets my no doubt excessive demands. To expect too little of it is really to belittle it.

One of the best studies of the civilization of a nation is a study of its drama. It is no coincidence, to take just a few examples, that the great age of the English drama was the Elizabethan Age and that it reached a nadir in weakness and decadence in the time of Baldwin and Chamberlain; that the American stage was vigorous and shallow in the '20s and grew increasingly patriotic and socially conscious in the Roosevelt days; that the Irish drama was incomparable when Ireland was stirring with national revitalization and is now becoming tired and routine under the puritan regime of De Valera; that as China struggles desperately in its bonds a new drama, too, is striving to emerge; that the theatre of the Soviet Union has boundless vitality and excitement, and the stage of Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy was fraudulent and worthless. In the post-war world that is slowly coming into view, the problems and the perils may be tremendous but the promise and the adventure of it are unbounded. In such a tremendous age the theatre has a magnificent opportunity to participate in the adventure, and the man who is satisfied to have it go its way merely putting on nice little trivia is the one who really has contempt for it.

Pardon me for mentioning it, but the theatre for all the fact that what it presents is chiefly imbecilic trash is also the medium for which Shakespeare and Sophocles, Molière and Goethe, Ibsen and Chekov, Shaw and O'Neill, Synge and O'Casey, have condescended to write. There is no special reason for apologizing for it and there is certainly no reason for failing to have some pretty austere standards by which to judge it. It isn't just an amiable little device for passing the time. It can and should be that, too, upon occasion, but it can also be the most exciting and stimulating medium for the expression of emotion, dream, and contemplation in living terms that has yet been devised; and that is why, when it doesn't do its best and is content to be shoddy and ambitionless, I insist on my right to get in a rage against it. This is assuredly no proof that Mr. Brown or Mr. Atkinson or I look on ourselves as superior to it. Quite to the contrary.

As for the position of the drama critic, now that I have returned from distant sectors of the global war and

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can look upon it detachedly, it strikes me as potentially just as important as I always suspected it of being. Mr. Atkinson was quoted as saying that it was "an ignoble profession at best," but I think that was just one of those self-scourging moments into which all sensitive men who find themselves on the sidelines rather than in actual combat occasionally fall. It seems to me, on the other hand, that to be a combination of interpreter, judge, scout for posterity, cheer leader, establisher of standards, chronicler, and most candid friend of so interesting a medium in so important a day is to take on a position of considerable importance and potential value. To do the job well is to be, in a very true sense, a leader of thought and a public councillor and cultural ambassador. In addition, it provides a springboard for contemplating the world and its ideas that is virtually incomparable. And it is, incidentally, a post, which, while it has been frequently filled by men of ability, has never had all its potentialities realized, though it has been occupied by such gentlemen of parts as Aristotle and George Jean Nathan.

When Mr. Brown and Mr. Atkinson and I rushed off from three desirable pulpits we were not indicating any scorn for our jobs, although I confess I could not have been quite happy in mine in those perilous days. Whatever else it is, drama criticism is no ivory tower. Unless the critic connects his subject with the world that is swirling about him, even though he be the most purely esthetic of commentators, his standards will become twisted and he will miss out on one of the most valuable of his functions. When, in the summer months of the years that marked the prologue to the Second World War, I wandered about Spain and the Far East and Russia and the Balkans, it always seemed to me that I was, among other things, enlarging my capacities as a drama critic by the simple process of enlarging my view of the world. It seems to me we were doing the same thing in our war days and were demonstrating our conviction that the world and the theatre from which it stems are of one piece and cannot be separated in any reasonable judgment of the latter. I may sometimes have my doubts about both the theatre and theatre criticism as practised but never about either of them as an institution.

RICHARD WATTS, JR.

Profile of "the Central Place"

PINE, STREAM AND PRAIRIE. By James Gray. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 312 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

IT must have been fun to write this book. The "selling" to others of one's own enthusiasm, whether it be a wine, a book, a person, or a place, is for the most of us one of life's most engaging adventures. Certainly Mr. Gray has sold Minnesota and Wisconsin as they have not been sold since Jim Hill and the Earl of Selkirk lured thousands of immigrants from Europe with fairy stories of a miraculous climate and gilded opportunities to be had for the taking. The climate has not changed; you like it or hate it according to your psychosomatic mood, and the gilt has worn off most of the opportunities. Yet to most people who live here it is still above all others "the central place," and it is this feeling for the place, the interpretation of its essential atmosphere that makes Mr. Gray's book so much more than static fact and description.

It may be admitted that "regional books" on the whole are too often of vital interest only to those whose habitat they describe or to those readers who collect facts as Florida tourists collect shells. For Mr. Gray's book is regional, but something alive and vibrating has been added. He knows and loves this region as only one can who has been born and grown up in it and whose eyes and ears and nerves have always been keyed to subtle nuances and overtones. He has the intelligence and wit to see how the varied terraine, the dramatic climate, and the natural resources have reacted upon the French, Irish, Swiss, Germans, New Englanders, Scandinavians, and Finns who settled here to give the region not only its culture but its characteristic democratic and adventurous spirit—a spirit evidenced by experiments in politics, education, and art; and in addition he has the talent for translating his observations and delight into sensitive prose.

With all this to help him Mr. Gray proceeds to the making of his "profile"—he makes no claim for its being a full-face portrait—of a section of the country about which far too little has been generally known. Certainly to the majority of Easterners the Middle West still bears the imprint of the bitter young writers who fled from it in the twenties seeking self-expression in New York or Paris. Many will agree if you press them that its people are "the backbone of the nation"—there is Commander Stassen for example—but to their minds it remains a bleak, flat region where towns are Gopher Prairies inhabited by Carols and Babbitts, where earth-bowed farmers watch their crops destroyed year upon year by grasshoppers and dust. To these followers of the earlier Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Gray's book will be a revelation. The picture he draws is rich in color. True, it has its gray tones. He admits to acres of forests and lands denuded and desolated by exploiters, that here as elsewhere its large cities have their poverty, slums, and failures. But these exist in less degree than in older communities and are after all but "the dissonances to be found in the song of any people's living." For him the major attraction of the region is a quality strikingly absent in Main Street, the infinite variety of scene and living, "the wild, improbable and dramatic alternation of opposites." He is charmed that its history covers in three generations the entire evolution of culture, that its people still "vibrate between the civilized world and the world of the wilderness."

From lively sketches of the landscape and the history, the story moves on to the varied ways of life and the living of it by men and women who work on the farms, in the incredible mines from which they take one third of all the world's steel, to the timber workers, the commercial fishermen, and hunters. (You will look in vain for mention of labor troubles which have been many and bitter, but this is no social document, rather the mere profile of a lovely lady.) He gives us interesting insight into the work of history-making politicians, Berger, Donnelly, Olson, LaFollette the elder, and others; an account of the rise of the schools and colleges and of the part they play in the cultural and practical life throughout the states.

There is an idyllic chapter headed "Short Retirement and Sweet Return" in which the Quetico-Superior Park is described, that wilderness region on the border between Minnesota and Canada where the world is still "what it has been since the beginning of time when earth began to sustain life." Here there are no roads for automobile or horse but a man in a canoe may travel for thirty days without reversing his course and never see one of his kind.

All in all Mr. Gray has written a book that should be a model for all future regional books. He has given us an affectionate portrait (not a photograph) of one section of the United States and has shown us how and why its particular Americans differ from those of other sections. His aim has been that of a good portrait painter, to capture something of the very essence of his subject's personality, and he has succeeded admirably.

A series of interesting photographs have been incorporated in the book.

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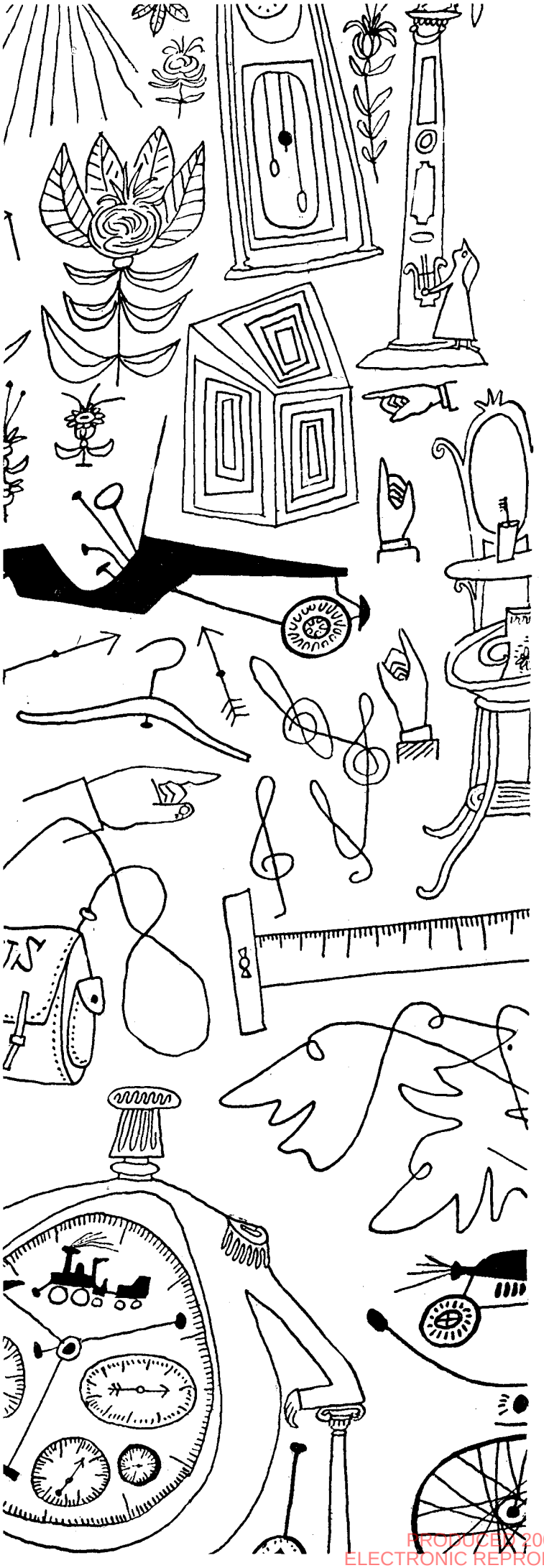

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Democratic Socialism and Canada

LEFT TURN, CANADA. By M. J. Coldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

THIS IS CANADA. Edited by Donald Buchanan. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1945. $2.50.

Reviewed by
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THESE two books on the subject of our northern neighbor are complementary in character. M. J. Coldwell, leader of Canada's Socialist Labor Party, the Coöperative Commonwealth Federation (usually referred to as the CCF), presents a brief survey of Canadian history, politics, and economics, within the framework of a vigorous exposition of the policies advocated by his party. Mr. Buchanan shows us Canada largely through the pictorial method. Excellent photographs of French Canadian peasant farms, large modern factories in Montreal and Toronto, Western wheatfields, and varied scenes of beauty in mountain and lake, forest and ocean are accompanied by appropriate descriptive comment.

Mr. Coldwell's work is the more substantial of the two and it is probably more needed by United States readers. For Canada has been more seen than studied by visitors from this country. Many Americans have experienced the varied tourist charms of Canada, the noble national parks in the Rockies, the quaint villages of Quebec, the ski runs of the Laurentians, the hunting and fishing possibilities of the forests, lakes, and rivers.

But accurate knowledge of Canada's politics, of its social and economic problems is distinctly the exception, rather than the rule. The cultural interchange between the two countries has been a rather one-sided affair. Canadians are much more familiar with the United States, by and large, than we are with Canada.

This is unfortunate, especially at a time when the Canadian political pot is boiling vigorously, when the war has brought new opportunities and dangers, new stresses and strains into Canadian economic life. Mr. Coldwell is an excellent guide to an elementary knowledge of Canadian public life when one discounts his frankly avowed political and economic sympathies.

And his case for the program of the CCF is well worth reading and pondering. For, despite its recent setback in the Ontario provincial election, the CCF, with an evolutionary socialist platform very similar to that of the British Labor Party, has gone much farther than any of the numerous experimental third parties in the United States. It controls the government of one of Canada's nine provinces, Saskatchewan, and is a strong opposition force in two others, British Columbia and Alberta. The recent national Canadian election did not fulfill the hopes of CCF enthusiasists who hoped that their party might hold a balance-of-power position in the new parliament. The CCF failed to elect any deputies from the two most populous provinces, Quebec and Ontario. Still the party has some grounds for satisfaction. Its popular vote more than doubled by comparison with 1940, whereas the Liberal and Progressive Conservative popular vote declined. Representation in parliament almost trebled, with 28 seats against 10. A CCF candidate nosed out Mackenzie King in a close constituency in Saskatchewan. The appeal of the CCF to the younger age groups is reflected in the fact that it polled over 30 percent of the service vote, as against about 15 percent of the civilian vote.

The CCF repudiates the rugged Tory Imperial loyalty which is still characteristic of some social groups and communities in Ontario and in the Maritimes. As Mr. Coldwell points out, it believes that Canada should accept more fully its geographical role as an American nation by entering the Pan-American Union and should emphasize its national identity by adopting a national flag.

Yet this militant new progressive movement owes much to the England of the Labor Party. Mr. Coldwell himself is English by birth and education. His able associates in the CCF leadership, men like Professor Frank Scott, of McGill University, David Lewis, and E. B. Jolliffe, until recently leader of the opposition in the Ontario legislature, have been Rhodes Scholars.

It is a typically British evolutionary and gradualist approach to social and economic problems that has done much to save the CCF from becoming mired in the sectarian atmosphere that often dominates parties which have been too much under the influence of doctrinaire Continental ideas that bear little relation to American realities. Mr. Coldwell speaks for himself, as well as for his countrymen, when he writes: "Canadians are not imbued with any spirit of class hatred. They desire intelligent evolutionary progress."

Canada has often passed as a more conservative country than the United States. It missed the upheavals of the American Revolution and the Civil War and reached its present status as a self-governing member of the British Commonwealth by quieter roads. Yet, on the basis of local and provincial elections, there has been a sharper swing to the Left in Canada during the last few years than the United States has experienced.

Mr. Coldwell offers a shrewd explanation of this problem of Canada's "left turn." There was no equivalent for the New Deal in the northern Dominion. Labor grievances which had been removed or alleviated in the United States remained in full force. He also attributes some of the gains of the CCF to disillusionment with the old parties and belief that the CCF offers the best promise of post-war security. The Canadian trade unions, with their mass membership, have been favorable to the CCF.

The CCF also appeals to the wheat farmers of the prairie provinces, who feel the usual agrarian grievances against industrial monopolies, holders of mortgages, and big railway companies. It is in Saskatchewan, long a prey of drought, that it won its most smashing victory. Mr. Coldwell, who was a school principal in Regina before he went into political life, sits in Parliament for a rural constituency.

The CCF showing has been spotty and irregular. The recent setback in Ontario indicates that ground once gained may be lost again. The party has made no serious inroads into nationalist French Quebec or into the quiet backwaters of the Maritime Provinces. But it has been built up on a grass-roots basis, through a process of lectures and discussions that have carried its missionaries into the smallest crossroads hamlets. There will doubtless be an ebb and flow of mass support. But the CCF possesses a nucleus of local leadership that will scarcely disintegrate. It has appealed to men and women of differing backgrounds, to city intellectuals, trade-union organizers, country teachers, ministers in town and country.

Mr. Coldwell is convinced with obvious sincerity that the CCF program of democratic socialism is the only alternative to bigger depressions and bigger wars. Some articles of his faith, notably his argument that production for peacetime needs could function on the same basis as production for war, are open to challenge. In the paramount issue of the twentieth century, the reconciliation of the two great human needs for freedom and for security, not everyone would be as confident as Mr. Coldwell that wide areas of economic activity can be handed over to state planning and control without danger to individual freedom and initiative.

But the CCF may fairly claim to be a party based on ideas, not on a political machine. And it has already speeded up thinking in the older Canadian parties in the direction of willingness to endorse and enact into law important measures of social security.

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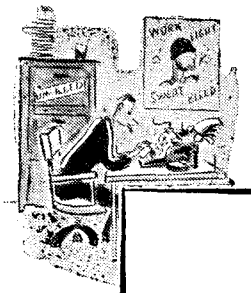
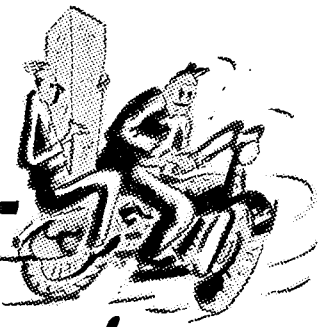

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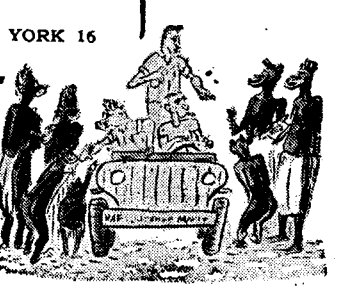

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GI Joe and Life

HALF-PAST YESTERDAY. By Robert Sturgis. New York: M. S. Mill, Inc. 1945. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

THE JOURNEY HOME. By Zelda Popkin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1945. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THESE books ought to be considered together on several counts. They make, for one thing, a complementary sequence. In "Half-Past Yesterday," Joe Brennan is inducted into the army and we follow his first year of life in uniform, along with several interpolated backward glances at his youth and early development. In "The Journey Home," as the title would indicate, Lieutenant Don Corbett is on his way back from the wars, making his last stage of the trip between Miami and New York. All of the action takes place on the train, where Corbett meets a presumably broad cross-section of the civilian population in varied stages of crassness, patriotism, and self-indulgence. In both stories the chief concern of the writer has been to trace the effects of crucial change upon the soldier.

Joe Brennan has been a newspaperman of talent, though no earthshaker. The brief flashbacks that point out his boyhood, his college days, his courtship and marriage, give us a sketchy and rather familiar portrait of the groping man of good will, one of those whose instincts are better than their vision. Joe is married to Alice. It is an uneasy relationship, for Alice turned to Joe on the rebound from another lover and there is that, beside her own restlessness, to bedevil him. Now comes the war to lift him out of these confusions into the certainty of routine and uniform. Here, in focussing upon Joe Brennan's year of decision, finding solutions to his life when he is most separated from its problems, Mr. Sturgis (who is also Lieutenant Sturgis) gets to the heart of his book.

Don Corbett's life is focussed entirely upon the present. Whatever memories he has of the war in Europe are pressed fiercely, by him, into the background. There is one moment of release between himself and a girl he meets on the train, when these memories come pouring forth and sear both of them to the point of hysteria. But for the most part Corbett roams the train looking for the present and the future. What's America like now? What have these other people at home been doing, thinking? What he finds makes, on the face of it in this book, a very repulsive picture. The people on the train are chosen with malice aforethought; the selfish business man, the supercilious society matron, the war widow and her mother-in-law, the smug Senator and his wife, the rapacious track-tout, the smirking victory belles, a few soldiers and marines, some others including the beautiful young fashion designer with whom Corbett has his swift, stylized romance. His mood is one of mounting bitterness—his Nina, too, is tarred with the universal corruption of these people, to each of whom the war is one kind or another of unwelcome intrusion. Like a crash of judgment upon them, the train is wrecked. Some of the right people are killed, some of the wrong also, and Nina and Corbett are thrust forward into a profounder understanding.

Both of these books are engrossing, immediate in impact, and they are also uneven in a paradoxical way. For though Miss Popkin is visibly the better writer all the way along, it is Sturgis's book which makes the deeper and more satisfying impression. How has that happened? I think the answer lies in the comparison between slickness and sincerity. These are slippery, dangerous terms; I do not wish to say that Miss Popkin set out to do an insincere job. Her writing is keen, lively, colorful, and I enjoy it. But she has kept her practitioner's eye upon the novel as a neat, shapely package with everything tied up just right, all passes completed. There is more than a touch of conscious contrivance in the assembly of characters on this train, their characteristic utterances, their crossing and recrossing in neat combinations, and the climactic wreck to cut the knot. Sometimes it has been a grand hotel, sometimes a lifeboat, or a bridge—and a train is good too. This is the objection: the contrived novel that uses this war exactly as it would use the War of 1812—a good backdrop—and settles problems with a wow finish. "The Journey Home" hasn't the urgent realism of "Half-Past Yesterday." Mr. Sturgis, feeling his way through a prose that seems often unsure and amateurish, is setting down important things about people he has labored to understand, and does. The war has reconstructed the whole living process of Joe Brennan, and brought about a developing relationship between Joe and his wife that rises out of an unpredictable logic of reality. I value the way in which Mr. Sturgis follows this logic where it leads, and his people too, without stacking their circumstances for them. By that very token his conclusions are important, and I would like very much to see his study of the returning soldier.

A Woman of No Ability

THIS IS BEVERLY. By Hope Bishop Colket. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. 1945. 238 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

BEVERLY'S world is bounded on the north, east, south, and west by Beverly. A woman of no ability, equally incompetent as wife, mother, and home-maker, she nevertheless assumes that "the fires of her personality" are smothered by the domestic drudgery forced upon her by her marriage. Convincing herself that she has latent talents which her dull husband cannot appreciate, she dreams of meeting the social and intellectual elite, of becoming rich and famous as an artist or writer, and especially of achieving romance in the arms of some distinguished Other Man. Self-deception and nebulous cravings tempt her to leap over the chasms that separate her desires from their attainment, and even dangerous tumbles fail to disillusion her. We leave Beverly at the end of the book posing as an affectionate wife immediately after she has dramatized herself with much better reason as a fallen woman. We also leave her about to embark upon a fresh adventure in one more futile attempt to escape from the drab reality of herself.

This is Beverly, a woman without passion who seeks all the pleasures of a penny paradise but refuses to pay for them, a useless, empty, selfish woman who wants to be admired for a mind and character she does not possess. The dry-point of satire is used to etch this shallow creature, and the uniform outlines of her portrait are bitten in with nitric acid. A portrait it undoubtedly is, with some of the mordant qualities of caricature. But because of the absence of interpretative shadings, because the subject herself is so flat and her background so unrelieved, the picture as a whole, despite its precision, lacks depth and meaning. Beverly's literary ancestors, Emma Bovary and Carol Kennicott, live in a three-dimensional world of cause and effect. Beverly's frustration by comparison with theirs seems unconditioned. Her story has surface and linear verisimilitude, but too little variety of color and design, and especially too little substance beneath the surface to give it artistic validity.

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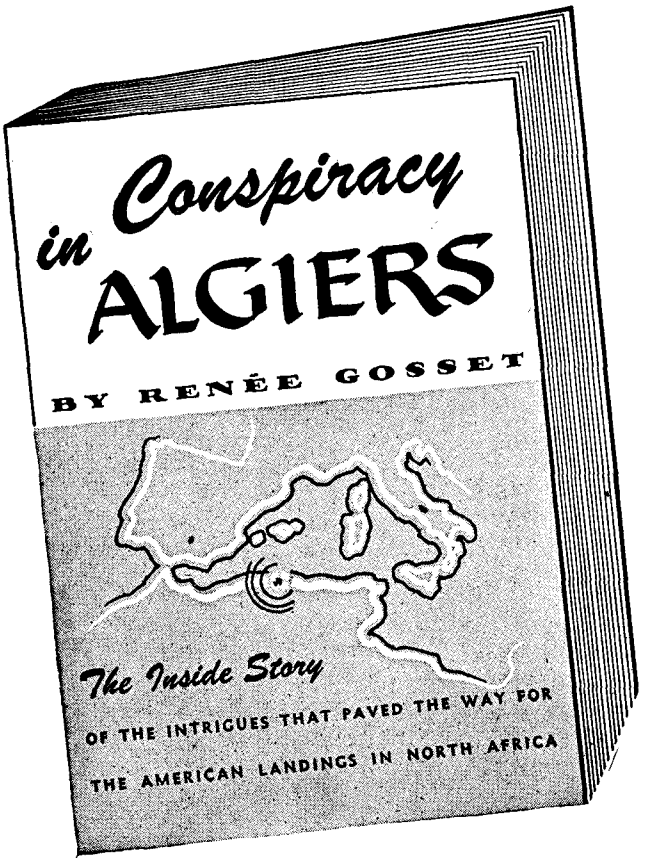
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WHEN ROBERT MURPHY was busy in North Africa in 1942 subverting Vichy officials, plotting with Gaullist sympathizers, secretly laying the plans for the American landings, only a few people knew the inner workings of the conspiracy. One of these few was Renée Gosset, a French journalist attached to the Bureau of Psychological Warfare of the American Army. Mme. Gosset kept a record of what happened during these exciting days in Algiers. After it was all over she wrote a book, "Le Coup d'Algier," which appeared in Canada and later, translated, in Great Britain.

The Nation announces the publication of an American edition of that book under the title "Conspiracy in Algiers." It has published it because the story Mme. Gosset tells is a crucial fragment of the history of this war—a fragment that particularly concerns Americans. The landings in North Africa were chiefly important as the prelude to our invasion of Europe with all the intricate problems of political adjustment—as well as military conquest—that great enterprise involved.

Today Mr. Murphy is chief political adviser on Germany to the American Army. What this official said and did and stood for in North Africa is of first importance now, when the whole task of administering the conquered Reich, in close cooperation with our chief allies, confronts the occupation forces. What sort of people will Mr. Murphy deal with in Germany? What sort of policy will he advise the AMG to follow?

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A Tale of War in the Pacific

ISLAND 49. By Merle Miller. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1945. 186 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
CORPORAL MAURICE BASSECHES

IT'S too bad that Merle Miller isn't a novelist. As a correspondent for *Yank,* the Army Weekly, Sgt. Miller has covered the Pacific, Washington, and now is in Paris. In each assignment he has turned out skilful reports of Americans at war.

Yet he hasn't been able to whip the material of "Island 49," the story of the invasion of a Pacific atoll, into an effective first novel. Excellent account that it is of what goes on at sea and on land just before and after an attack, this thin volume doesn't jell as fiction.

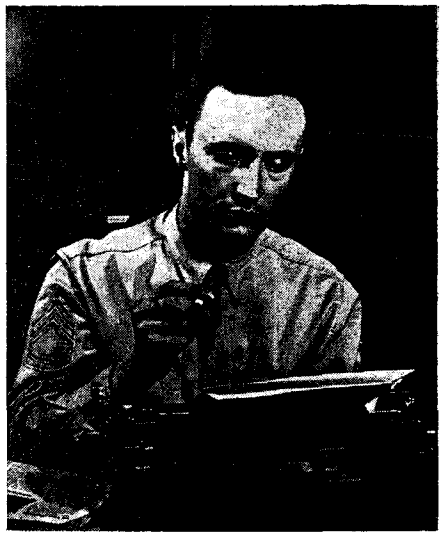
This is due chiefly to the method Sgt. Miller has chosen to tell his story. His chapter divisions are based on various hours before and after the landing (H-hour) and the day on which it takes place (D-day). Thus his novel runs from H Minus Eight (or eight hours before the attack) to D Plus Two (or two days after the attack). While such an approach makes for a full report, it doesn't make for brisk narration.

More than this, however, Sgt. Miller tells most of "Island 49" through four men in an infantry regiment—Col. Howard Kane, the commanding officer; Capt. Russell Porter, a company commander; Sgt. James Keeley, a squad leader; Pvt. Sam Levinson, a rifleman—and Dick Fischer, a war correspondent. Starting on the transport as it heads into land, Sgt. Miller unfolds his characters by flashbacks to their prewar days and continues the procedure throughout the book. Although this technique permits revealing delineation of the men, it doesn't move the story ahead. If ever a novel foundered on flashbacks, this is it.

And this is unfortunate because Sgt. Miller's leading characters are thoughtfully selected. Col. Kane is an ambitious poor boy who has guided his career carefully through a prosperous marriage and election to Congress. Capt. Porter is a regular army ex-sergeant who feels out of place with the men the war has brought into uniform. Sgt. Keeley is a successful young pianist and liberal whose beliefs are traced through college peace strikes and the war in Spain. Pvt. Levinson is a refugee from Nazi Vienna who is killed before he can fire a shot at the fascism he has known. Dick Fischer is a gifted writer who never is able to get into the novel everyone expects him to produce. These men, however, proceed almost separately through the pages of "Island 4" and do not interact as in real life or a good novel.

From their experiences, of course, the reader can put together in satisfying detail the story of an invasion—the preliminary shelling, the landing, the Jap counterattack, the final securing of the island—but what you get mainly are the thoughts of the men and their lives in the past. Outlining them Sgt. Miller reveals a wide and penetrating knowledge of the Americans who fight this war and, in Pvt. Levinson and Sgt. Keeley, some of the ideas for which they fight. Even with the latter, though, the author is unable to give overall shape or meaning to his novel.

"Island 49," then, is a mass of promising material rather than a finished work. In appearance this slender volume recalls two of the memorable cameos of this war, "A Walk in the Sun," by Harry Brown, and "Into the Valley," by John Hersey. Merle Miller's book, however, lacks the liveliness of the former and the sweep and movement of the latter; it remains, therefore, a cameo in the rough, but one worth respect and worth reading.



Merle Miller "has turned out skilful reports of Americans at war."

Report on a Gallant Service

THE FAR SHORE. By Max Miller. With Official U. S. Navy and Coast Guard Photographs. New York: Whittlesey House. 1945. 175 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IT would be interesting to speculate how much modern photography has influenced today's reportage of historic events and how much, in turn, the style of the journalist has affected the cameraman. The candid camera in the hands of an expert has begun to add a third dimension to the mechanically reproduced picture and the documentary film has lately taken on a literary quality that is startling. Max Miller's verbal treatment of what he saw at the invasions of Normandy and the Riviera is amazingly similar to the excellent pictures with which his book is illustrated. It is as though he looked at what he saw through the finder of a good Leica.

As a working naval officer at both those beachheads he focused on men and things more sharply in some ways than the headline correspondents who followed the front line inland. Like so many other first-rate writers of this war, he has a quick and observant eye for the little things as well as the big. He can "pan" the debris-littered beach or "click" the steward reading his Bible to the dead boy on the mess table. He can describe the overall complications of an amphibious engagement, repeat the significantly trivial conversation of men in battle.

Lieut.-Commander Miller is the author of "I Cover the Waterfront," a title that by now must haunt him. That book and a dozen or so others, including his last one, "Daybreak for Our Carrier," testify to his fluency and skilled professionalism. This one too has that feeling of a craftsman's mastery of his trade, the sort of thing you get in the very best reporters and feature writers—impressionistic and peopled.

Although these beachheads have now been extended to Berlin, the first landings of D-Day still are fresh in our minds. Even if they were much more remote, it would be hard to recall more exciting events. Despite all that has been written about landing craft and tanks, about hedgerows and artificial ports, we never tire of hearing about the thousands of little incidents which added up to the cracking of the Atlantic Wall. There is a tense excitement in the risks a man will take to get a German Luger, there is a grim humor in the bulldozer-happy Seabee who keeps running over mines.

Every writer seems to have his favorite men of war. They may be airmen, P.T. boat crews, paratroopers, infantrymen, etc. Each has been petted by someone. Recently there has been grumbling that the men who man the submarines have not been getting their share of literary glory. With Max Miller it's the small-boat boys, the coxwains who guide the little craft that rush supplies ashore and take the wounded back. These grease-cov-

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ered youngsters, impudent and fearless, rush their boats about regardless of surf or enemy fire. We glimpse one of them scurrying through the thick of things, with one hand clutching the tiller and the other a funny paper.

Through all the description of what the author saw there runs an appealing sentimentalism for the men around him and that pride in being one of them found in all the accounts documenting American actions. The things we have learned to expect are there, the keenness to get home, the understated sacrifice, the vigor of language. These are shown here in a quietly effective manner, by simple description and natural turn of phrase. The grand strategy is left for others, so, too, is most of the torture and horror. Instead the war is kept a matter of individual men, romanticized a bit perhaps, but convincingly. The little things are stressed, anecdotes or steaming coffee—the wounded sheep in a field in Normandy which cannot be shot lest the position be revealed to the enemy, the sleep that comes in a plane flying over continents.

The result is a touching and interesting narrative told from the particular angle of those men of the Navy whose job it was to land the armies on the northern and southern coasts of France and then to see that they were supplied with everything they needed. Their story is a gallant one and Commander Miller's telling of it merits a high place on any list of the innumerable war books for which the American public now has an insatiable appetite.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 110

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 110 *will be found in the next issue.*

NDBWDDZ PA ZPAFXROFGZ

MDX BGRXA CPFW SXGOGSFA

DM YXREERX FWRF RXG

PTMPTPFGHB SXDHPJ,

SGXSHGJGZ, RTZ DNAOKXG.

—QDWRTT ODEGTPKA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 109

A REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IS SLOW TO MOVE, YET WHEN ONCE IN MOTION, ITS MOMENTUM BECOMES IRRESISTIBLE.

—JEFFERSON.

THE ASIAN *Legacy* AND AMERICAN LIFE

EDITED BY

ARTHUR E. CHRISTY

How many of us realize the sources of most of our mathematics, of the art of printing, the compass? How many fully understand the influences of the China trade on New England or realize that China's soy bean has become the United States' seventh or eighth crop?

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The Medicos Have Their Say

DOCTORS AT WAR. Edited by Morris Fishbein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1945. 418 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by
WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

IT was a happy idea to ask the physicians who organized and directed the gigantic medical effort of this war to tell the story of their accomplishments. The work to which they have contributed and which Dr. Fishbein has edited is the best comprehensive survey of its subject that we are likely to have until the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council publishes its promised report in fourteen monumental volumes.

When we find that the death rate in wounded was 8.1 per cent in World War I, but only 3.3 per cent in World War II, that the annual death rate per 1,000 for all diseases in the Army, excluding surgical conditions, was 15.6 per cent in World War I but only 0.6 per cent in World War II, it is evident that the medical record of the Army and Navy in this war is impressive. Drugs such as the sulfonamides, penicillin, gramacidin, tyrothricin, and DDT powder, methods of drying and shipping blood plasma to the front, the progress made in surgery, especially in nerve and orthopedic surgery, only partially explain why so many of the wounded and the diseased were saved. The country's medical resources had to be mobilized and organized, and it is with this colossal task of mobilization and organization that "Doctors at War" largely deals.

As might be expected successes are glorified, as they deserve to be, but failures are either minimized or entirely ignored. These failures affected the civilian population—chiefly the workers in industry. When they write on medicine and surgery in war the contributors to this volume are at their best, but when they write on the social aspects of medicine they are at their worst.

Colonel Leonard G. Rowntree, chief of the Medical Division of the Selective Service System, and Dr. Harold S. Diehl, of the Procurement and Assignment Service, are the principal soft-pedallers. The Procurement and Assignment Service was charged by Executive Order with the responsibility of distributing physicians, dentists, and veterinarians to meet not only the needs of the Army, but also of the civilian population. It succeeded so far as the first task was concerned; it failed in performing the second. The reasons are two. One is the control over the Service exercised by the American Medical Association, and the second is a lack of authority.

Though industry had to give up "business as usual" and submit to drastic regulation of production and control of prices, organized medicine insisted on free enterprise and "practice as usual." An effort was made to shift physicians about so that the needs of the "boom towns," which had mushroomed in a few months from villages into industrial centers, could be met. The failure was deplorable, even if we allow for the Procurement and Assignment Service's lack of authority. Colonel Rowntree does his best to polish up the showing, but the surveys of the U. S. Public Health Service speak for themselves. Dr. Diehl goes so far as to mispresent grossly on page 87 an editorial writer who, according to him, proposed that physicians should seek appointments in the

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BEDELIA *Vera Caspary* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.50)	Appealing wife, pretty, wide-eyed, and fragile, turns out to be something else again—as husband discovers.	Forthright portrayal of lady with considerable past who finally gets her come-uppance. Plenty of suspense and abundant shivers.	Absorbing
THE CASE OF THE COPY HOOK KILLING *Royce Howes* (Dutton: $2.)	Newspaper crank-appeaser bopped and stabbed. Capt. Ben Lucias finds the slayer.	Some veracious newspaper stuff, a second killing, a helpful city editor, and customary logical Lucias sleuthing.	Adequate
TIGHT ROPE *Allison L. Burks* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Girl masquerading as dead grand-daughter of ailing California woman becomes involved in two murders. Local sheriff disentagles her.	Much harassed heroine, pleasant cast of subordinate characters, unobtrusive but effective sleuth—and an exceptionally well concealed criminal.	Very good!

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Public Health Service, whereupon they would "be assigned to care for the civilian population in all areas in which shortages of physicians existed." The editorial writer in question proposed nothing of the kind. He did propose the drafting of all the physicians in private practice and their inclusion in the Public Health Service, so that they could be sent where they were needed. Congress actually considered such a plan but rejected it because of organized medicine's intransigeant demand that physicians be allowed to practise as usual. The Public Health Service was itself in favor of the plan, but advanced it much too timidly. Dr. Diehl's statement that physicians could not have been shifted about under orders without a National Service Act is untrue. Additional legislation was not required. A public law on the books for over a generation gives the President the authority to act in a national emergency.

Closely connected with this failure of organized medicine to rise to the needs of civilians is the matter of the nation's health. Dr. Fishbein, Colonel Rowntree, indeed all the contributors to this volume who have occasion to refer to the subject, state that the nation's health was never better than during the war. This is true, but it is advanced as an argument that the civilian population has little reason to complain. The truth is that we have been coasting along—cashing in on the work done ten and more years ago. If the war were to last five years more the effect would be noticeable. As a matter of fact there has been an alarming rise in tuberculosis, which speaks for itself.

In the same spirit Dr. Fishbein, Colonel Rowntree, and others brush aside the draft boards' wholesale rejection of men in the flower of life. We do not expect every man to be an Ajax or every woman to be a Venus de Milo, but we do expect less malnutrition, fewer dental defects, a better control of the venereal diseases, a more frequent recourse to the physician in a country which claims to have the best medicine in the world. Colonel Rowntree has to admit that "not only do defects abound but the physical fitness of the youth of the nation is at a low ebb."

The most complete job of whitewashing seems to have been done by Dr. Charles M. Griffith, Medical Director of the Veterans' Administration. In a contribution which sets forth what the Veterans' Administration offers to men who will return wounded or diseased he says nothing of the attacks to which his organization has been subjected. The soldiers distrust the Veterans' Administration. In the fiscal year 1944 over fifty per cent of those afflicted with tuberculosis left the hospitals of the Veterans' Administration against medical advice or without permission. The situation is such that *The Journal of the American Medical Association* has demanded an investigation. But on all this Dr. Griffith is silent.

It is pleasant to turn from the social to the military and naval record. Here there is abundant evidence of high intelligence, organizing ability, devotion both to medicine and to the men at the front. No one can read what the Surgeon General of the Army and Navy have to say about doctors and surgeons in action without gratitude. And so with Brigadier General James S. Simmons on "Preventive Medicine in the Army," Major General Paul R. Hawley on "How Medicine in the European Theatre of Operations Prepared for D. Day," Captain French R. Moore on "The Doctor at Guadalcanal and Tarawa," Major General David N. W. Grant on "The Medical Mission in the Army Air Forces." Surgeon General Parran of the Public Health Service leaves no doubt that his organization performed its task well under trying conditions. Particularly good is Dr. George B. Darling's account of the way in which the National Research Council planned and conducted medical research.

This volume is a compendium so valuable that it will long serve as a reference text to those whose duty it will be to comment on one scientific aspect of the war. And if the contributions read better than medical English usually does, the credit must go to Mr. John Tebbel.

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BY HILDA WERNHER

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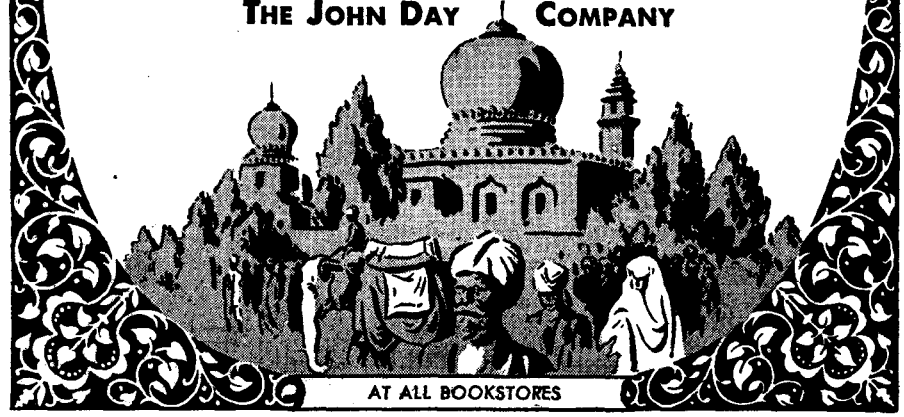

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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the Phoenix Nest

KATHARINE GARRISON CHAPIN, the distinguished poet and wife of former Attorney-General Francis Biddle, sends me the following poem written by her son, who is at present stationed with the Air Force in India:

A LAST GLIMPSE

Here in this sheltered valley
Drink in the warm white light.
Taste once more the ripe fruit,
The orange bursting with juice,
The sweet clustered date,
The twining grape
Twisted on thick clumps of stalks.

This is your last glimpse, soldier.
Fix in your eye the massive ridge
Caught in pink and grey twilight.
Store in your mind the mountain snow
Cresting the wall against the wind.
Hold this all and loll
In the friendly morning sun.

You will remember this place
When you are cold with loneliness;
You will dream of palm and orange
Looking at miles of blue water,
Turning your collar against a chill wind.

When you feel the heave of wave
That breaks far from shore,
This nostalgic spark will warm you.
So hold fast to this rich land
In the face of oncoming storm.

PVT. RANDOLPH BIDDLE, A.A.C.S.

* * *

And my friend down in Mexico, the poet Witter Bynner, sends me the following:

THE SENTENCE

I cannot write prose, but I try
And the rhythms will come by and by:
I shall take to my bed
And, to earn being dead,
I shall finish one sentence and die.

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That is about the way I feel at present, as I am toying with the idea of writing a novel.

* * *

Earle Walbridge writes me:

> Last summer we were speaking of Marjorie Bowen and her "Viper of Milan." (To paraphrase:
>
> There lived a Viper in Milan
> Wrought for a madness unto Man. . . .)
>
> Also of Joseph Shearing, who is also Marjorie Bowen (and in real life Mrs. Gabrielle Campbell Long). Now I point with pride to an inscribed copy of the latest Shearing novel, "The Abode of Love" (London: Hutchinson, 1944), which, contrary to custom, has no murder—only a barely averted crucifixion! Mrs. Long writes me that the book is taken from the lives of Henry Prince and Smyth Piggott, who ran an "abode of love" in Somerset for the last half of the last century. The Shearing cult would also be glad, I think, to add these origins to the discussion of Shearing plots in the *SRL* four years ago. "Aunt Beardie" is derived chiefly from an actual case in Gaston Lenôtre's "Vielles Maisons Vieux Papiers," which contains a portrait of that strange personage of the French Terror. The source for "The Spider in the Cup" (English title: "Album Leaf") was an odd book about crime, in French, which had neither author nor date nor title-page; it was found in the London Library and later lost there in a blitz. Joseph Shearing "used the governess in the chateau helping the heir-at-law to poison his relatives by means of anthrax venom and nothing else—the rest is my invention." Mrs. Long concluded her last letter, "I always enjoy writing both the [George] 'Preedy' (what a name!) and the Shearing novels."

* * *

My old friend, "Jimmy" James—Professor E. O. James to you, now Professor Emeritus at Mills College, California, sent me the following back the end of January, saying it was grand not to have to teach, and that he had tossed off the poem instead. I hope with the proper accompaniment of Chian! He remarked "a poem should not mean but be wacky." I am glad to print it in the dog-days when only mad dogs and Englishmen, according to Noel Coward, go out in the midday sun. Professor James was an old friend of the late Vachel Lindsay.

The Senile Professor Hangeth up his Echoing Lute—and All That.

We drank the drink we ne'er had drunk
and round and round we flew
meandering mazily toward
lilacious Xanadu
where Abyssinian maids tut-tutted
while lotus-lewd and black
star-splintering Capricornus butted
around the Zodiac
caliphs of seven citron-appled
kingdoms while seven times seven
blessed and balmy damosels
at the gold bar of heaven
troubled the clove and crystal-lucent
cisterns of Chian wine
ran sibilant through many a woven
acanthus wreath divine
wetting a winsome plot. Cool grot.
God wot. (We hope.) Withdrawn,
palpable, mute as fruit, we waited
the dawn.

* * *

Agnes Armstrong of Fishermans Lane, South Portland, Maine, has asked me about a ballad I once had in *The New Yorker*. It was "Ballad of a Ballad Singer," and concerned the Negro champion of the twelve-string guitar, Leadbelly, discovered by John A. Lomax. She continues with the following items:

> A small, no-pay magazine, published in Boston, during 1903, called *Wisdom,* subscription rates: twelve cents a year, two cents a copy. It touched on the current stage, had an article on Zola; but the chief contents were fiction stories, one of them being by Agnes Armstrong, then under the influence of Jerome K. Jerome, and using the penname of Agnes Jerome.—This was the first time I had appeared in print and I do not have to explain to you, an author, my reaction to this virgin ecstasy. Somewhat later, I managed to get a foothold in *Leslie's Weekly* (one cent-a-word). However, by that time, "The Thrill Had Gone." Item Number 2 is a love-ballad called "The Sailor's Lament," written by a certain traveling-balladist from New Hampshire, one Willy Wolfe, the year after the ending of our Civil War.—It came about in this way: two young Maine lads were staying overnight in the old Revere House, in Boston. Young Pat, he of the lamentations, had abandoned a beautiful, but faithless, young wife and was, being a sailor, on his way to foreign parts unknown. The lad accompanying Pat was a relative of my mother's and had gone as far as Boston to see the lover off and bid him a long farewell. However, the balladist, who did a brisk trade in love-worn ballads, had been listening in on the

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 591)

KARL SHAPIRO:

SUNDAY: NEW GUINEA

The bugle sounds the measured
call to prayers.
.....
I long for our dishevelled Sundays home,
Breakfast, the comics, news of latest crimes,
Talk without reference, and palindromes,
Sleep, and the Philharmonic, and the ponderous *Times*.

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lads' conversation. He accosted them with: Poetry is my business. I'll put that story into verse for three dollars. *Why not,* say the lads? My mother's relative lived to be over ninety and, many a time, I have heard him repeat this ballad as a sort of encore to Robert Emmet's last speech.—For was not Emmet, too, a lover?

* * *

From the Dennis Union Church, Dennis, Cape Cod, this scholarly note from Paul Grimley Kuntz:

The logistic-logistics family is not so simple. My Webster's Unabridged (1881) gives a second meaning of logistics. "A system of arithmetic, in which numbers are expressed in a scale of sixty, chiefly used in computations respecting the parts of circular arcs, or the division of angles; logistic arithmetic." Now is there any doubt that counting by sixties should have a name that proposes it as plainer and simpler than the decimal system? Perhaps the dual form indicates some differences of opinion. Have the readers of The Phoenix Nest ever felt the subtle shading between the singular and the plural in names of sciences? We have mechanic and mechanics, logic and logics, metaphysic and metaphysics (not to mention ethic and ethics) for the reason in Webster's stated under "Mathematics": "The plural form was probably introduced to mark the complex nature of such sciences; and it may have been in imitation of the use of Greek plurals to designate parts of Aristotle's writings. Previously to the present century, nouns ending in *ics* were construed with a verb or a pronoun in the plural; but it is now generally considered preferable to treat them as singular."

If the 1942 Merriam-Webster leaves out this second form, logistic arithmetic, may I say that logistics were more complicated than logistics now is. Here endeth my epistle for the day, but with the prayer that another reader may turn up with another note, or another query.

Now I must go for a swim!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Longfellow: "Paul Revere's Ride." 2. Shakespeare: "Macbeth," V, 1. 3. Shakespeare: "Romeo and Juliet," IV, 4. 4. Eliot: "Adam Bede," Ch. 4. 5. Shelley: "The Cloud." 6. Thackeray: "Vanity Fair," Ch. 40. 7. Browning: "Pippa Passes." 8. Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar," II, 2. 9. Holmes: "The Deacon's Masterpiece." 10. W. S. Gilbert: "Gentle Alice Brown." 11. Austen: "Northanger Abbey," Ch. 11. 12. Pope: "The Rape of the Lock," Canto I. 13. Mother Goose: "Hickory, Dickory, Dock." 14. Wordsworth: "Lucy Gray." 15. Dickens: "A Tale of Two Cities," Ch. 13. 16. Holmes: "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill." 17. Carroll: "The Hunting of the Snark." 18. Carroll: "Alice in Wonderland," Ch. 7. 19. W. S. Gilbert: "The Yeoman of the Guard." 20. Coleridge: "Christabel."

PERSONALS

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YOUNG WRITER wants to rent quiet cabin or small country place. California location somewhat preferred, not essential. Box 868-L.

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VETERAN, attending large university and fiancee of long standing wish to marry. However find it impossible to live on Government allowance. Full courses preclude possibilities of outside jobs. Both widely read, cultured—invite suggestions, advice, or what-have-you to better our finances in sporadic spare time. Box 864-L.

PLEASANT PROFESSIONAL YOUNG WOMAN desires working vacation for month of September. Box 865-L.

RETIRED WOMAN PHYSICIAN desires to correspond with gentleman, college education. References exchanged. Box 866-L.

MUSICIAN WANTS YOUR APARTMENT for six months. College teacher on leave needs to establish NYC residence, wants 3 or 4 rooms, furnished, from August or September. Box 787-L.

EDITOR religious publications. Protestant. Nonsectarian. Graduate student Bible and theology in leading seminaries. Contributor to publications of several denominations. Five years experience as editor. Box 800-L.

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PERSONALS

WANTED: Gene Fowler's THE FABULOUS WILSON MEISNER. Box 814-L.

WHAT PUBLISHER has pamphlet, authentic, or chapter in reliable book, describing in detail beliefs and characteristics of the old order of Essenes? Please mail reply stating full price and description to Box 849-L.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate with major in psychology and sociology, desires social secretary position in Philadelphia about September 10. Some typing and shorthand. Can help with children but no teaching. Box 850-L.

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EXPERIENCED EDITOR; research, rewrite; especially successful manuscript revision, wants position or free lance assignments. French, German translated, adapted. Box 843-L.

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BEGINNING WRITER, excellent cook, wants housekeeping job for one, two adults (perhaps writers?) in Bucks County, Pa. Added attraction—can double as secretary. Box 846-L.

EDUCATED MAN, 58, American, active, long experience as business executive abroad, linguist, wants position with publisher or institution publishing books, reviews, articles on foreign affairs (economics, culture, politics). Experienced in reviewing foreign publications, coördinating facts, developing ideas. Box 847-L.

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

SOS FROM SRL: Our supply of the July 7 issue of SRL is completely exhausted. Can you part with your copy? Reward: Our undying gratitude and 15c for each copy plus mailing costs.

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SCIENTIST, MUSICIAN desires to correspond with young lady having such writing or art interests. Box 855-L.

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY for mature woman any nationality, limited English no objection. Act cook-housekeeper family two adults one of whom is invalid. No children. Charming modern country cottage Connecticut in summer, New York hotel apartment in winter. $110 monthly plus room, board and all expenses. Apply in writing Mrs. Ida Hamilton, Candlewood Lake Club, Brookfield, Connecticut.

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EX-MONK, 30, native New Yorker, desires return from New England exile. Classical culture, implemented by corporation experience and shorthand for confidential matters, fits me for immediate use by top notch executive. Available for New York interview August 6 to 11. Box 809-L.

YOUNG WRITER, wife and infant want to lease small house, secluded, inexpensive, pleasant, in San Francisco Bay or Monterey Bay areas. From August 15. Box 810-L.

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COUPLE WITHOUT SIGHT desire housekeeper who can drive or learn to drive car. Salary not bad. Interests, music, poetry, dancing, reading, people, swimming. Box 783-L.

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DIDN'T you enjoy Paul Showers's column in the *Yank* issue? I, at least, am grateful to him for exposing to a *T* the mechanism of making a DC with its tantalizing limitations, as well as the futility of using an anthology as its source.

In the column of the issue containing the DC with an unkeyed word I meant to warn you of its existence but, in an effort to send in several columns at once before I left, I forgot the planned date for its appearance. Thus far four have expressed themselves spontaneously. I'd like to hear from those who have opinions as to whether I shall continue from time to time to utilize an unkeyed word or give up such a scheme. Address me at Hanover Inn, Hanover, N. H.

You know what joy I take in chronicling coincidences. A volume of English essays edited by Ernest Rhys opened to "The Poetry of John Clare" by J. Middleton Murry! As I had been a bit fearful lest my estimate of him as expressed to you was amiss, so was I pleased to read an even more enthusiastic appreciation by Murry. The next day, similarly, in another volume of essays I opened to an equally appreciative comment of Clare's work by another essayist. Yet his name was unfamiliar to me until Professor James wrote me of him.

Since my arrival here I have come across DCers, Mrs. H. L. Reed, Salisbury, Conn; Mrs. A. B. Meservey, wife of a Professor in the Physics Department of Dartmouth College; and Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Boshco, West Medfield, Mass., who stopped for an all too brief call enroute elsewhere. Mrs. Boshco comes by her DC interest through her literary father, who was with the famous *Boston Transcript* in its glory. Mrs. Meservey has been doing DCs since I left a copy in '38 with her mother, Mrs. White, still alert at 95 years. At dinner at the Meserveys in their spacious Ocean Ridge home, with as an additional attraction sturdy 16-months'-old Anne, the first grandchild, Professor Meservey served up as mental cocktails what he dubbed "Moral Lessons from the Crossteteuch." This was at my place, one of five:

Why couldn't you squeeze in—
Or possibly sneeze in—
A whiff of polymerization,
Or adiabatic, at least thermostatic,
Without charges of regimentation?
Some sculptured and textual
Strictly asexual
Archeological squeezes
Might temper the physics
Applied for the phthisic
Or endocrinology wheezes.

What to do in utilizing in a DC a word containing an umlaut troubles me. For instance, in the name of Furtwängler shall I spell it for you Furtwængler?

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 592

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

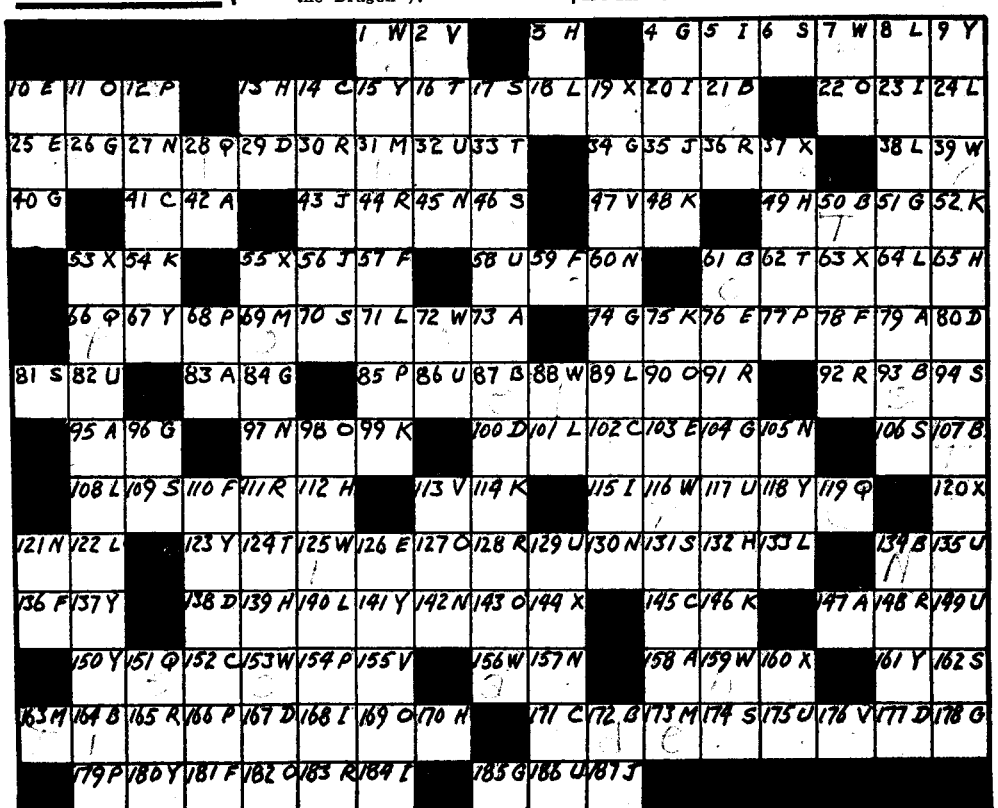
The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 36 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Entertainment of music, daneing, etc., popular in England in 18th cent. (from Italy).
B. Not moved from place to place.
C. Apelike.
D. A breach or state of strife.
E. American painter best known for murals, landscapes, stained glass (1884-1936).
F. Chief town, N. Shan States, Burma, British India.
G. To make an effort (Colloq.; 3 wds.)
H. Characterized by strained pathetic effect.
I. An empty-headed or stupid person (Slang).
J. Avestan demigod, king of mankind in the golden age (Persian Myth.)
K. Noted 16th century French family of book dealers and printers.
L. Shoals, 10 miles long, Dover Strait, S.E. coast of England.
M. English college with which are associated Fielding, Gray, Shelley, etc.
N. Said of a stamp with margins of unequal width (Philately; comp.)
O. Composer of the Welsh national anthem and other songs (1819-1885).
P. Autumn flower immortalized in poem by Bryant.
Q. A lake battle between British and American forces, Sept. 10, 1813.
R. Border romance by Wm. G. Simms (1842).
S. Opposed to *fore-and-aft.*
T. Seaport city of France.
U. Another border romance by W. G. Simms (1856).
V. A holy sage; an inspired poet (Hinduism).
W. Order of insects comprising locusts, grasshoppers, crickets, etc. (Zoöl.)
X. Increased speed (Naut.; 2 wds.)
Y. Italian painter of Venetian school (1518-1594; "St. George and the Dragon").

WORDS

79 95 73 83 147 158 42
93 107 21 50 164 61 134 87 172
41 145 152 171 14 102
177 29 138 80 167 100
126 25 103 10 76
181 136 57 59 110 78
34 26 84 40 178 74 104 4 51 96 185
13 3 49 112 132 65 139 170
184 5 20 115 23 168
187 35 43 56
99 52 75 114 146 48 54
24 8 18 122 108 89 38 64 101 71 133 140
173 163 69 31
142 27 157 45 130 121 97 105 60
143 169 90 98 11 127 182 22
179 154 68 77 166 85 12
151 66 28 119
92 183 91 44 111 148 30 165 128 36
174 131 109 70 81 17 94 6 46 106 162
124 62 16 33
32 135 186 129 175 149 86 117 82 58
155 47 2 113 176
156 116 7 159 39 153 125 72 88 1
19 63 160 37 53 55 120 144
150 123 15 137 161 9 67 118 141 180



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